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The Cathedral of St. Basil in the Red Square, Moscow, taken by Philip Harben on his visit to Russia.



PHILIP HARBEN took this picture with his Kodak Bantam 'COLORSNAP' camera

Here is one of the snaps Philip Harben took during his visit to Russia last year with his Kodak Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera. This is the wonderful camera designed specially to make colour easy for anyone.

You need no photographic knowledge whatever. Just follow the simple instructions and press the button. You get snap after sparkling snap in glorious natural colour. The Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera uses famous 'Kodachrome' film—or the new 'Kodacolor' film—both come in handy 8-exposure rolls. And of course it's a grand black-and-white camera too. Ask to see it at your Kodak dealer's. £10.15.1d. inc. tax.

The versatile colour camera

With the Bantam 'Colorsnap' camera you can choose between two superb 'Kodak' colour films.

'Kodachrome' gives brilliant full colour slides for home projection. And you can have colour prints made

from them.

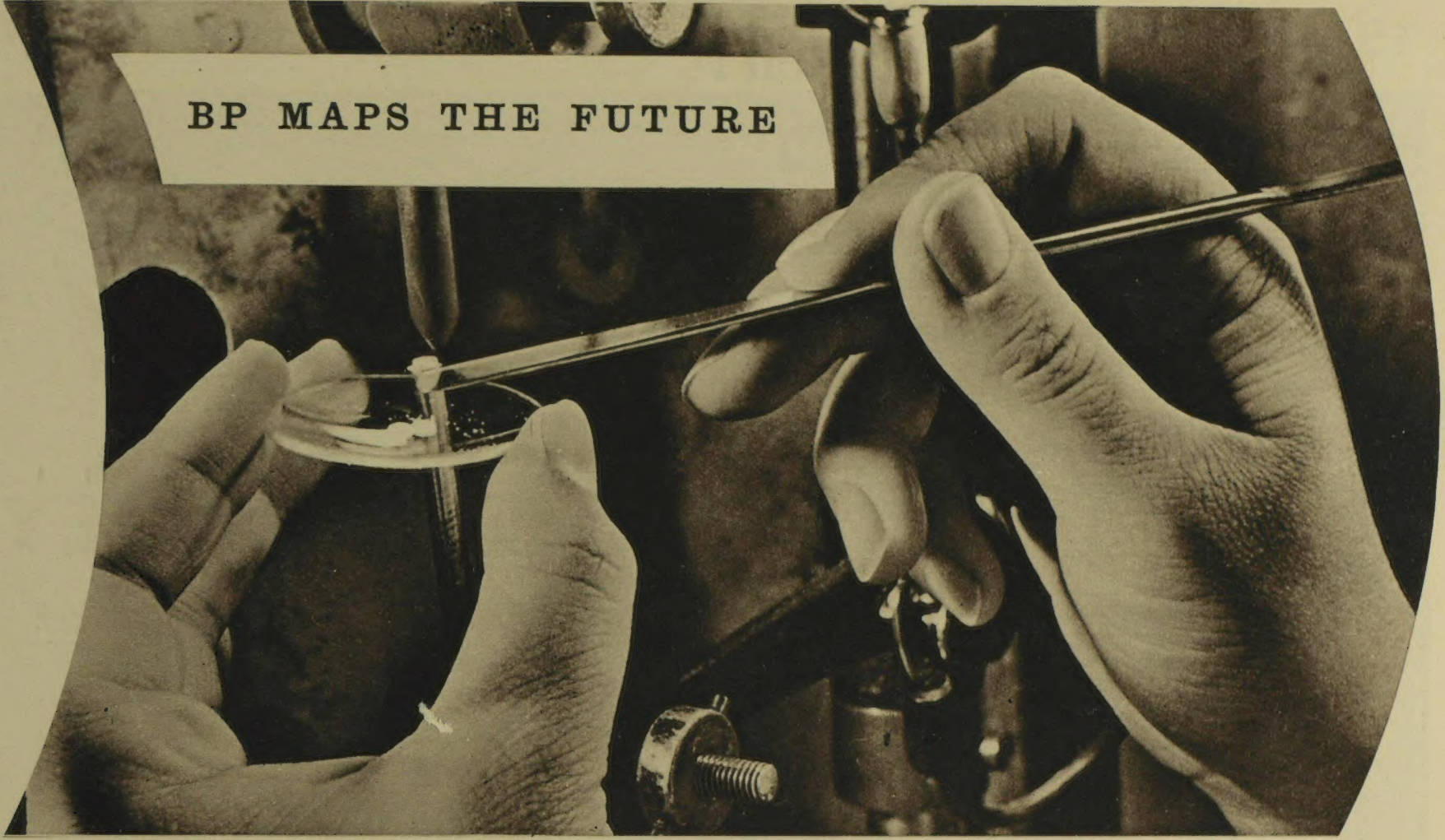
'Kodacolor' is the new colour negative film made specially to give colour prints. Of course, you can also load with 'Kodak' black-and-white film for fine quality snapshots.



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BP MAPS THE FUTURE

A sample of catalyst for use in oil refining is about to be analysed in a spectrometer at the BP Research Station, Sunbury.



How will these hands shape tomorrow's motoring?

WHOSE HANDS ARE THESE? They are the hands of a chemist at the research station of The British Petroleum Company at Sunbury-on-Thames. One of nearly a thousand BP research workers whose main task is to conjure more and better products from one single substance – crude petroleum.

Among the many different users of oil products, no one has gained more than motorists and motor-cyclists from the work of these men and women. No one has more to gain in the future. To quote one example, BP Energol 'Visco-static', the all-weather motor oil which reduces engine wear by 80%, was a recent Sunbury triumph. The result of many months of patient research.

In 1917 Sunbury Research Station began with one modest house. Now it occupies thirty-nine acres and is still expanding. Besides its laboratory and development work, Sunbury carries out the most exhaustive proving-tests of BP products and processes. The latest major addition to its resources is a motor fuels engine-test laboratory, where cars can be tested at speeds up to more than 100 m.p.h. under temperature and humidity conditions equivalent to the most extreme tropical climates.

Thus, constant research ensures the supreme quality of BP products for use all over the world, and even more efficient fuels and oils for the engines of tomorrow. At Sunbury, the future takes shape today.

THE *British Petroleum*

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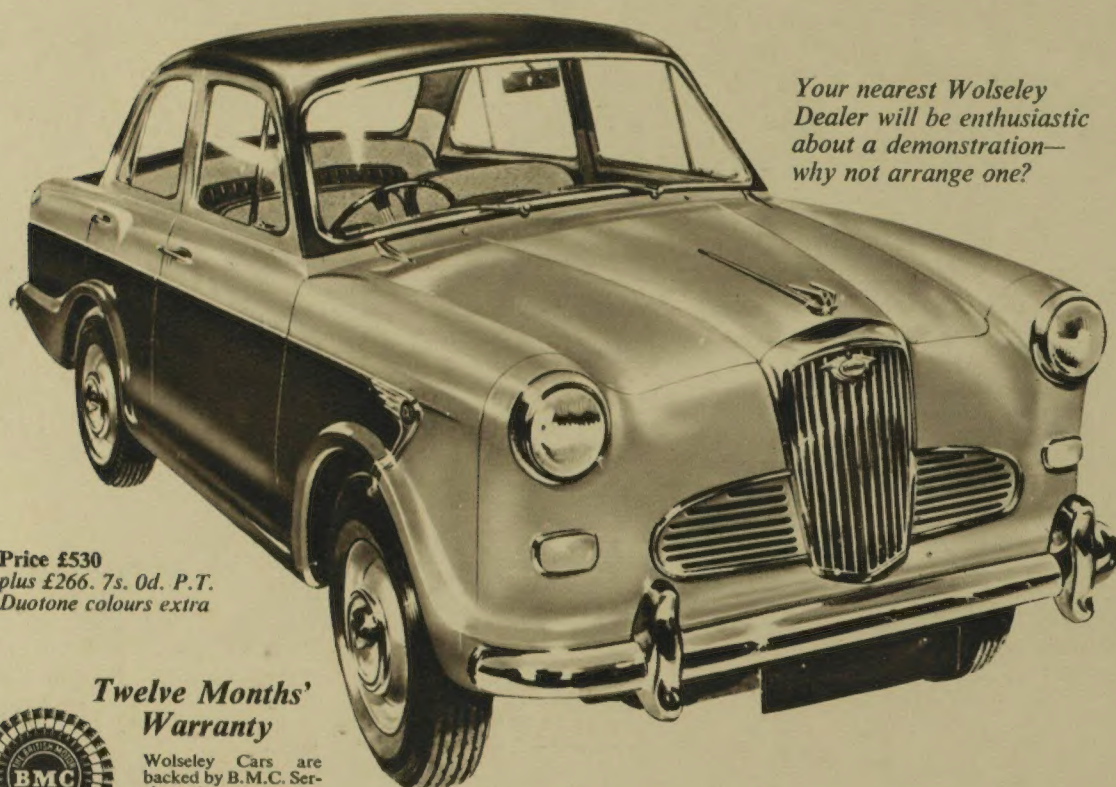
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Prove it for yourself!

It is not surprising that so many knowledgeable and experienced motorists are now driving the sensational new Wolseley Fifteen Hundred.

Brilliantly styled and engineered, this compact monocoque saloon, with its amazingly brisk performance, is both economical to run and to buy.

Add to this traditional Wolseley luxury and you have the reason why.



Price £530
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Duotone colours extra



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W.141

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1500 c.c. O.H.V. engine. Low ready-for-the-road weight of less than 18½ cwt. "Overdrive Performance" on a normal though high, top gear, 4-speed gearbox, 'twin top' acceleration in third gear. Touring fuel consumption 36.6 m.p.g. 'The Motor.'

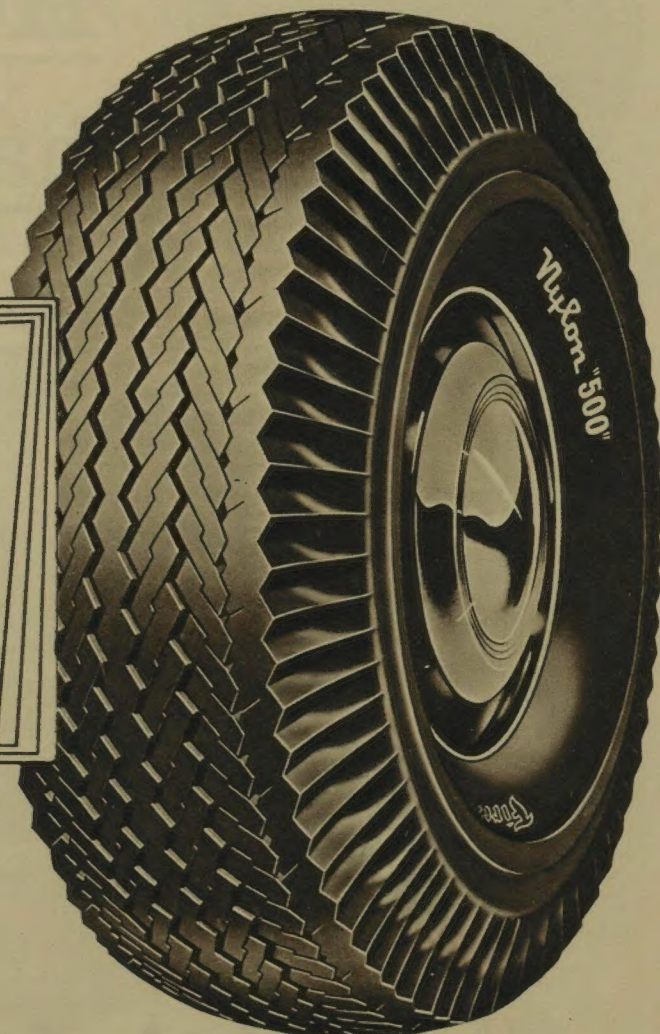
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Nylon "500" is stronger, tougher, absorbs road shocks better.

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Nylon "500" costs only a few shillings more.

Nylon "500" gives greater safety.

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GOLF & SPORHOTEL HOF MARAN First-class house in quiet position at the golf ground. Own Tennis courts, with trainer. Walking, Fishing, Riding. E. Traber, Manager.
SPORHOTEL VALSANA The ideal hotel for your summer holiday. Tennis courts. Heated swimming-pool. 140 beds. E. Fringer, Owner.

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prefers it PALE... DRY... PERFECT
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Better holiday snaps this year!

To make sure that the very best is made of each picture, hundreds of thousands of people have been posting their films to Will R. Rose. The expert knows he cannot get a higher standard of work; the less experienced are delighted to find that developing and printing have emphasised virtues and minimised faults!

INDIVIDUAL CARE FOR PICTURES

Mr. Rose started his business almost as a "paying hobby" over fifty years ago. Because he gave such interested care to each job, his business grew. But today, though it is a vast organisation able to include the latest plant and equipment, the spirit of individual care continues. While taking advantage of technical advances, Will R. Rose has avoided the evils of mass-production methods.

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All negatives up to 3½" x 2½" are printed as "Magna Prints" which make the most of your pictures. If you want contact prints, put a note to that effect with your order.

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Will R. Rose are perfectly equipped to make the best of your colour pictures whether as prints or transparencies. They, of course, also deal with cine-camera work of all kinds.

SEND FOR FREE WRAPPER

Send for full details and prices of Will R. Rose services, and with your reply will come a FREE wrapper and label. With every completed order, comes another free wrapper and label, so that it is always easy to post your films to Will R. Rose—and to make sure that they will be better pictures than you ever had before!

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Photographic processors for over 50 years



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Everything about a shirt from Gieves—from the cut to the cloth, cuffs to the collar—has a certain sureness. This wool and cotton shirt is typical. The check, light and dark blue, is on a white ground: collar, attached: price 59/6.
Gieves have many more, from brushed cotton to the latest non-iron poplin. Why not send for our new coloured catalogue. Better still, call in to see us—and our shirts.



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Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Venezia.

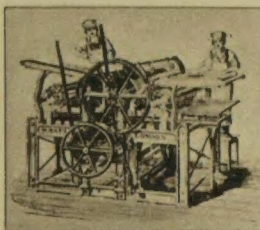


150 years of precision engineering



David Napier of Inverness who established the business in Soho, London, in 1808.

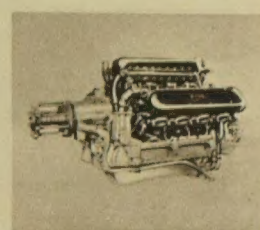
This year the Napier Organisation proudly celebrates its 150th anniversary. Throughout a century and a half of eventful history, Napier has held and improved its position among the leaders of the engineering industry with a series of power units of advanced conception, brilliant design and outstanding performance. Time after time when records are broken on land, sea or in the air, the result provides yet further proof of the superiority of Napier engineering skill.



This press was designed and made by the Company in 1824 for printing Hansard.



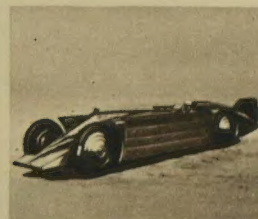
The first Napier car, built in 1900, was powered by a two cylinder 9 h.p. engine.



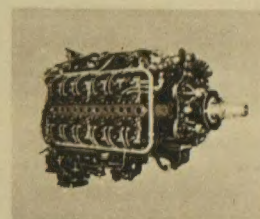
Napier Lion engined de Havilland D.H.9 reached record height of 30,500 ft. in 1918.



Napier Lion engined Supermarine S.5125 won the 1927 Schneider Trophy race.



Napier Lion engined Golden Arrow reached record speed of 231.446 m.p.h. in 1929.



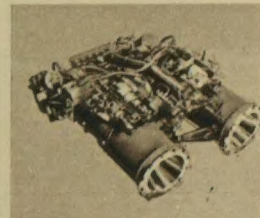
Napier Sabre, world's most powerful piston aero engine, in Hawker Typhoon, 1941.



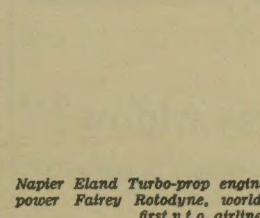
John Cobb's Napier Ralston Special—1947 world land speed record (394,196 m.p.h.)



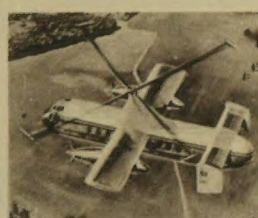
Two 9-cyl. Napier Deltic Diesels power Shell Company's 35 m.p.h. crew boats.



Napier Double Scorpion rocket engines boost Canberra to record altitude, 70,310 ft.



Napier Eland Turbo-prop engines power Fairey Rotodyne, world's first v.t.o. airliner.



Visit the Napier 1808-1958 exhibition, Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, London S.W.1
June 3rd to June 14th
Admission Free

Napier Car Run, Regent's Park
11.0 a.m. Sat., June 7th, 1958

NAPIER

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CRC P14

What's the rhythm in Rio?

As you walk down the purple evening canyon of the Avenida Rio Branco in Rio de Janeiro, you may hear softly exultant music flowing out like a streamer from a night club. Along the sea-front enchanted moonlight gleams in the folding surf. And up in the jagged black mountains, a different rhythm, a different picture; drill-rattle, rock rumble, air-hiss. Mining. For where the cactus breaks ground like iron, there are rich and varied mineral deposits.

There is a connection between the Avenida Rio Branco and the distant places where men mine and carve roads from living rock, for in the Avenida is a technical representative of the Holman Organisation. And to people who use pneumatic equip-

ment that is important, for Holman machines are famed for their ability to work hard and long without let-up. They cut running cost to rock bottom: running cost that is the *real* cost of pneumatic equipment.

In Rio, in three other Brazilian centres and in eighty-odd other countries, there is a Holman Organisation staffed by consultants qualified in every industry where pneumatic equipment is used. And back at Camborne, there is the Holman mine where every mining tool is tested under operational conditions.

With all this behind it, is it any wonder that every Holman tool repays its initial cost many times over during its long life?

Holman
PNEUMATIC EQUIPMENT

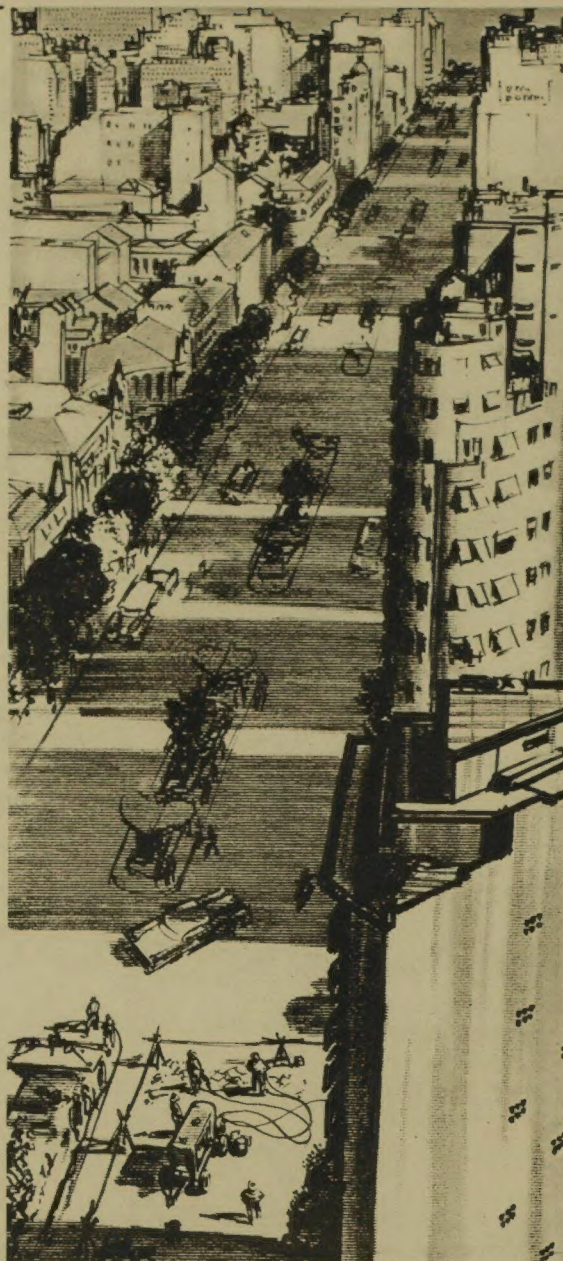
pays . . . with its life

HOLMAN BROS. LTD., CAMBORNE, ENGLAND

The Holman Organisation is world-wide. It includes The Climax Rock Drill & Engineering Works Ltd., and has agents, branches and technical representatives throughout the United Kingdom and in 84 other countries.

Telephone: Camborne 2275 (10 lines)
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suddenly I thought

"Who'd pay the bills for . . . my widow?"

"Since I can't be certain of living to a ripe old age, how *can* I be certain that, whatever happens, my wife and children will be looked after?

So I did the sensible thing

I decided it was time I insured my life. And I did. It was as simple as that—so simple that I can't think why I put it off so long.

Luckily—or rather, sensibly—I went to The London Assurance, and really they couldn't have been more helpful. I was pretty vague about the whole business, but when they suggested a Life Policy that not only fits my present position but gives me something to build on in the future, also, I knew I'd come to the right people.

I certainly did the right thing when . . .

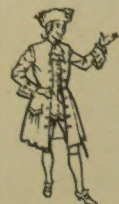
I wrote to

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Very good people to deal with

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To get our useful booklet, "How to be Well Assured", simply write and ask for it. If you would also like information about Fire or Accident insurance, just say so.

Address your letter to:

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First sailing of
S.S. HANSEATIC

(28,500 tons)

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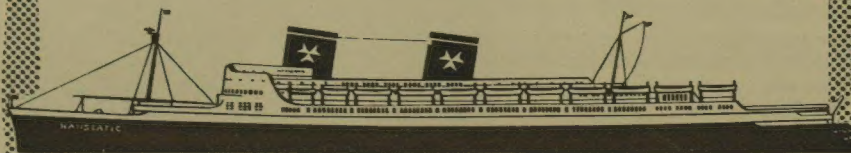
All First Class and most Tourist Class cabins have private bath or shower and toilet.

All First Class accommodation and public rooms sited on one deck.

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FORD strides ahead

... and the new Foundry at Dagenham, with its superb equipment and fine working conditions, offers powerful evidence of progress in Ford's modernisation programme, a plan for development unequalled by any other manufacturer in Europe. Here's a vote of confidence in Britain's future, a foundation for greater vehicle exports, and a promise of even more value for money for Ford owners everywhere.

FORWARD WITH



OF DAGENHAM



His doctor told Sir Timothy he had got to rest... in the sun, if possible

SO SIR TIMOTHY did it in style, and went round Africa with his feet up, by Union-Castle. He took his unmarried daughter as companion and secretary (precious little secretarying she did!)

They left London on a thoroughly bleak afternoon in April with a bitter East wind in the River. The Warwick Castle was in sunshine by lunch time on the second day and, by the third, Sir Timothy was leaving his coat and tie in his cabin.

Into the Mediterranean... Gibraltar, Genoa, Port Said, Aden, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar es Salaam, Lourenco Marques, Durban...

They had bought their tickets to go right round Africa in the Warwick Castle, but a young South African business man on board persuaded Sir Timothy's daughter to bring her father, and meet his family at their house by the sea at Durban. Sir Timothy was also determined to see Kruger Park at its best and with all the big game there. All the arrangements were made for them, and they broke their trip for four weeks 'shore leave', and took the Kenya Castle home.



9 SUN-DRENCHED WEEKS SAILING ROUND AFRICA

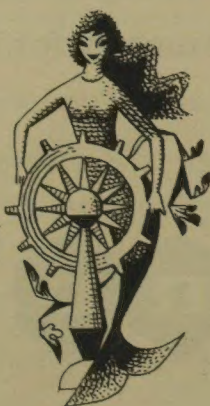
Fewer ports of call this time, but just as interesting: East London, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, St. Helena, The Canaries and... home.

They had travelled 15,000 miles by sea. Sir Timothy had cooked in the sun for 60 out of 65 days. But he had also done quite a lot of work, keeping in touch with his office in London by wireless, and by letter from ports of call. He had also put on weight (Union Castle food is a constant temptation).

He had collected a walnut sun-tan from the top of his bald head practically to his toes. He had missed the worst English spring on record, and he got back just when his roses and herbaceous borders were at their summer best.

And when his daughter goes to live in South Africa (yes, she is going to marry that young man) Sir Timothy proposes to visit them as often as he can get his doctor to tell him he needs a rest in the sun.

THE GOING'S GOOD BY



UNION-CASTLE

About twice a month a Union-Castle liner goes out from England to do the Round Africa voyage. May we send you our 'Colourful Africa' booklet? It gives you some idea.

CHIEF PASSENGER OFFICE: 19-21 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. TEL: HYDE PARK 8400

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SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1958.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ADMIRING ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL EXHIBITS AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW, CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST EVER STAGED.

This year's Chelsea Flower Show, magnificent and dazzling as ever, was visited by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family on the evening of May 19. Judging took place on the same evening, and the next day the Show—held in the grounds of the Royal Hospital—

was open to Fellows and Associates of the Royal Horticultural Society, and after this was open to the general public. Other Royal visitors to the Show were the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Alexandra of Kent.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A HUNDRED years ago two young men named Robert Ewart Shaw and Walter Savill, who had been working together in a firm of London shipbrokers, decided to set up business on their own. They took premises at 24, Billiter Street, in the City, and—since they had not the capital to buy or build ships of their own—chartered in succession two vessels, a 435-ton iron-screw steamer and a 735-ton wooden sailing-ship, to carry cargo, emigrants and Government mail to the remote and little-populated Pacific colony of New Zealand. This was the beginning of the Shaw Savill Line which has this month celebrated its centenary. Its history is a saga of the sea, one of whose chapters—the last fight of the *Jervis Bay* against the German battleship *Admiral Scheer*—rivals that of Sir Richard Grenville's *Revenge*. Yet the whole story of the Shaw Savill Line's early struggle and growth is an epic—one of courage, persistence, shrewdness, hard work, judgment, character and, above all, faith, the kind of faith that moves mountains or, to choose a more appropriate simile, bridges oceans. For when the Firm out of which the Line grew was first born in the resolution and adventurous spirit of these two young men—the one a Scotsman, the other an Englishman—New Zealand was divided from Britain by a voyage that took anything from four to six months in ships smaller than the pleasure steamers that now ply in the upper reaches of the Thames. And at the end of the voyage was nothing but a few settlements of poor, rough emigrants living in a virgin wilderness at the ends of the earth.

Yet from the first it was on New Zealand that the founders of the Shaw Savill Line built their hopes and plans. They took as their house-flag the beautiful white, red and blue ensign of the Southern Cross which the pioneer English traders and Maori chiefs of New Zealand had chosen a generation earlier to safeguard their merchandise at sea and concentrated all their efforts in chartering ships to carry emigrants and freight to the colony. By the '60's they were trading under the name of the "Passenger Line of Packets" and taking future New Zealanders to their destined homes in the Pacific at rates ranging from £12 a head for an open-berth steerage passage to £75 for a first-class cabin. The conditions on their vessels were, by modern notions, Spartan, but they were invariably decent, with a strong insistence, in contrast to those prevailing in many emigrant ships of the time, on order, seemly conduct and sobriety. Together with their rivals, the Henderson or Albion Line of Glasgow—long since amalgamated with them—the Shaw Savill Line between the '50's and '80's may be said to have laid the main

foundations of the British population of New Zealand. It did so, first in chartered vessels—by its fifth year it was sending nearly fifty ships a year to the colony—and by the latter '60's, in addition, in ships of its own. In 1868 the Line purchased the *Monarch*, one of the famous "Black-wall frigates" that during the third quarter of the nineteenth century made history as among the fastest sailing-ships ever built. In the following year it bought a still more celebrated vessel, the *Crusader*, an iron-built Glasgow clipper of 1058 tons—a contemporary and rival of the *Cutty Sark*. On one of her voyages from New Zealand she did the passage to the Lizard in only sixty-nine days, or just over two months—an almost incredible

who embarked with the cargo were so fearful lest the engine of the plant should explode and send the ship to the bottom that most of them cancelled their passages at the last moment. Yet, despite the tremendous risk taken and at least one breakdown of the refrigerating machinery—remedied by a heroic feat of the captain's which all but cost him his life—only one of the 4311 carcasses of mutton and 598 carcasses of lamb had to be condemned and the remainder, carried for 12,000 ocean miles at a freight of 2½d. a lb., were sold at Smithfield at prices which heralded a revolution in the feeding habits of the industrial wage-earners of this country. With cheap food for the British workman's dinner went, hand-in-hand, a

new prosperity for the young pastoral lands of the overseas Empire. It was the shipping companies, built and maintained by private enterprise and private capital, that provided the link that made both possible.

Since those days the Shaw Savill Line has built and owned many famous ships, far exceeding in size and capacity, though not in comparative achievement and romance, those early vessels with which it first made history. In the '80's 5000-ton steamers took the place of the clippers; by the turn of the century passenger liners were being laid down of over 12,000 tons, capable of making the passage in little more than a month. Just before the last war the Company's new 26,500-ton flagship, *Dominion Monarch*, broke record after record in her maiden voyage to Australia. In 1953-54 one of its ships, the *Gothic*, carried the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on their Commonwealth Tour.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE COURT OF ALDERMEN ADMITTING A MEMBER.



IN GUILDHALL: THE SCENE JUST AFTER AN ALDERMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON HAD BEEN ADMITTED BY THE COURT WHICH WAS PRESIDED OVER BY THE LORD MAYOR.

On May 20, for the first time, an Alderman of the City of London was photographed just after he had been admitted by the Court, sitting in Guildhall. In this photograph, taken in the Court Room, the new Alderman, Mr. Robert Ian Bellinger (for Cheap Ward), can be seen standing on the left. At the head of the table at the far end of the room, the Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott, wearing the Mayoral chain, presides over the Court.

rate of speed for a sailing-ship. Half-a-century later, when she was laid up, the survivors and descendants of those who had first travelled to New Zealand in her founded in her honour the "Clipper Ship *Crusader* Association" whose meetings to this day still keep alive the memory of those epoch-making voyages. One thinks of this phase of Britain's history and of the Lines that served her and her ocean children in the words of the poem "Ships" in which John Masefield has enshrined for all time the last and greatest age of sail.

Yet perhaps the most far-reaching single episode in the history of the Shaw Savill Line occurred in 1882 when its rival, the Albion Line—whose amalgamation with it later that year brought into existence the present Shaw Savill and Albion Company—staked its existence on installing in one of its iron sailing-ships, the *Dunedin*, the revolutionary Bell-Coleman refrigerating plant and despatching 5000 carcasses of frozen meat in her to England. The passengers

Since the war, when thirteen of its twenty-six ships were lost in the national cause, the Line has been almost entirely rebuilt. But the continuity of this great British institution, founded and maintained by private enterprise yet dedicated to the service of the country, has never been broken. On it, and on other shipping Lines like it, our maritime future depends, and, I think it would not be untrue to say, our future as a nation. A little while ago a rich foreign shipowner boasted that in another decade the "Red Duster" would have been swept from the seas. The short-sightedness of legislators, immersed in detail and obsessed by Party strife, has for the time being placed British shipping at a grave disadvantage in competition with foreign rivals. Yet the British people have a habit of recovering from folly and neglect before the brink of disaster, and it seems unthinkable that after so many centuries and such great achievements, Britain should throw away the legacy that has brought her prosperity and liberty—the freedom and mastery of the seas.

THE REVOLT AGAINST PARIS GROWS: THE BLOODLESS *COUP* IN CORSICA.



(1) IN BASTIA: STEEL-HELMETED POLICE TRYING TO BREAK UP A CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS. (2) AT CALVI: A DEMONSTRATION ORGANISED BY THE LOCAL PUBLIC SAFETY COMMITTEE AT THE WAR MEMORIAL. (3) SHORTLY AFTER THE *COUP* IN CORSICA: MEMBERS OF THE AJACCIO PUBLIC SAFETY COMMITTEE MEET VISITING PROMINENT LEADERS FROM ALGIERS. (4) OUTSIDE THE PREFECTURE IN AJACCIO: CROWDS WELCOMING A GROUP OF LEADERS FROM ALGIERS ON MAY 26. (5) AFTER THE SWIFT AND BLOODLESS *COUP* IN AJACCIO: PARACHUTE TROOPS AT THE PREFECTURE.

The insurrection in Algeria spread to Corsica, the island where Napoleon was born, when—on May 24—demonstrators, aided by parachute troops, swiftly and without violence took possession of the prefecture in Ajaccio, the capital. Committees of public safety, similar to those set up in Algeria, were formed in Ajaccio and in other main towns in the island. The prefecture was seized shortly after M. Arrighi, a Radical Deputy for Corsica in the French National Assembly, had arrived on the island from Algeria. Soon

after the Committee in Ajaccio was formed, its two leaders and M. Arrighi appeared at the prefecture before a huge crowd, who later began to shout their support for General de Gaulle. On May 26 members of the Algiers committee were acclaimed by crowds during a visit to the island. The same day, after M. Pflimlin had differentiated between the uprisings in Algeria and Corsica, condemning the latter, General de Gaulle arrived in Paris. He announced on May 27 he had begun to establish a Republican Government.

FROM A FIRE TO A FIRING: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



WATCHED BY BOYS FROM THE SCHOOL: FIREMEN FIGHTING THE SERIOUS OUTBREAK IN FLEUR-DE-LYS HOUSE AT ROSSALL SCHOOL, FLEETWOOD, LANCASHIRE, ON MAY 19. Fleur-de-Lys House at Rossall School was severely damaged by the fire on May 19, which firemen from Fleetwood and Blackpool fought for over two hours. The roof of the house collapsed and though the fire was confined to the third storey, water did considerable damage to the rooms below. Boys from the school helped in the salvage operations.



IN URGENT NEED OF REPAIRS: ST. GEORGE'S TOWER, ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING RELICS OF OXFORD CASTLE. About £5000 is needed to preserve the historic character of St. George's Tower, but there is a difference of opinion between Oxford County Council and the Prison Commissioners on the responsibility for the work.



A ROYAL OPENING AT SHOREHAM: THE MOTOR VESSEL BALMORAL, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE BRIDGE, BREAKING THE RIBBON OF THE PRINCE PHILIP LOCK. The Duke of Edinburgh officially opened the £3,000,000 Shoreham Harbour development scheme on May 20. The cutting of the ribbon at the lock linking the harbour with the Southwick Canal—named the Prince Philip Lock—symbolised the completion of the major works of improvement at Shoreham Harbour, Sussex.



AT THE OPENING CEREMONY ON MAY 20 IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL, EDINBURGH: THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND—THE SCENE JUST BEFORE THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER'S ADDRESS. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland opened with a lively debate which resulted in the repeal by a narrow majority of a 300-year-old Act of Assembly which would make it illegal for Scottish Kirk ministers to accept life peerages. Earlier the Rt. Rev. Dr. J. A. Fraser, of Hamilton, was installed as Moderator in succession to the Very Rev. Dr. G. F. MacLeod.



PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: R.A.F. PERSONNEL WHEELING A FULL-SCALE MODEL OF A BLOODHOUND MISSILE IN A REHEARSAL AT THE R.A.F. STATION, WEST MALLING, KENT. One of the attractions at this year's Royal Tournament, which opens at Earls Court on June 4, will be the Guided Weapons Display staged by the Royal Air Force. In addition to this demonstration of missile defence the Tournament will include such traditional thrills as the Musical Ride by the Household Cavalry.



BEING TEST-FIRED IN A HANGAR: THE MODEL OF A MISSILE WHICH WILL BE LAUNCHED DURING THE GUIDED WEAPONS DISPLAY AT EARLS COURT.

TILBURY FORT RESTORED: HARD BY THE SPOT WHERE QUEEN ELIZABETH DEFIED THE ARMADA.



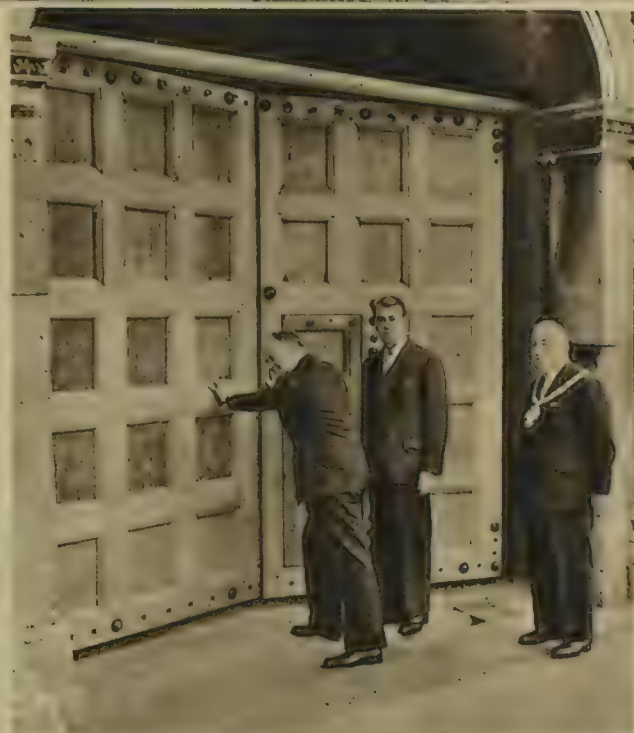
THE MINISTER OF WORKS, MR. HUGH MOLSON, SPEAKING AT THE WATERGATE, WHEN TILBURY FORT WAS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON MAY 20.



THE WATERGATE FROM INSIDE THE FORT, ON THE LEFT, WITH THE GUARD-ROOM, THE UPPER STOREY OF WHICH IS A CHAPEL.



PART OF THE FORTIFICATION WALLS OF THE FORT, WITH, LEFT, THE LANDPORT GATE, WHICH IS STILL TO BE RESTORED, AND PART OF THE IMPRESSIVE WET MOAT, WHICH HAS BEEN REPAIRED BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS.



THE OPENING CEREMONY: MR. HUGH MOLSON PUSHES OPEN THE WATERGATE. CENTRE, MR. HUGH DELARGY, M.P. FOR THURROCK, AND, RIGHT, COUNCILLOR RIDGEWELL, CHAIRMAN OF THURROCK U.D.C.



ONE OF THE CONNECTING CORRIDORS IN THE MAGAZINE BELOW THE EAST BASTION BATTERIES. THE MAIN PART OF THE FORT IS 17th-CENTURY WORK.



ONE OF THE GUN BATTERIES OF THE WEST BASTION WHICH OVERLOOKS AND COMMANDS THE THAMES. THE FORT WAS ONE OF FOUR BUILT IN ESSEX AND KENT.

Tilbury Fort was one of four blockhouses built by Lionel Martin in 1539 for Henry VIII—two on the Essex shore, two in Kent—to command the Thames estuary. It was two miles away that Queen Elizabeth reviewed her troops in 1588 before the Armada; and made that celebrated speech in which she said: "I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king. . . ." The fort was remodelled about this time;

and later, during some years after 1672, it was extensively rebuilt by Sir Bernard de Gomme; and it is in this latter form it has since remained one of the very few examples in this country of the great age of European artillery fortification. The Ministry of Works took it over from the War Office in 1949 and has since done extensive repair and preservation work; and on May 20 this interesting and historic fort was opened to the public.

THE challenge issued from Algiers on May 13 to the French Government and the democratic system was not the first but by far the sharpest with which they have been confronted in recent years. Its primary aim, perhaps at that moment the only one, was to prevent the accession to office of M. Pflimlin. It was, in fact, made on the evening of the day on which he presented his programme to the National Assembly. It must have been prepared, though the secret was well kept. I have been looking up messages sent just before by experienced correspondents who represented the situation as normal. It does not appear astonishing on reflection, in view of the weakness and irresponsibility of Government after Government in France and the sterile party strife.

France has a pretty full revolutionary record since 1789, though the Army has more frequently been unable to control, or been persuaded to sympathise with, revolutionary movements than it has acted as their instigators. In this case the



AT A CRITICAL TIME IN FRANCE: M. PFLIMLIN (RIGHT) WITH M. MOLLET AFTER MEETING PRESIDENT COTY THE DAY BEFORE GENERAL DE GAULLE'S PRESS CONFERENCE.

bulk of the Army was in Algeria. It could hardly fail to be affected by the vacillations of Paris, by sympathy for the European population in whose midst it was quartered, and by fear lest some new twist of French politics would lead to a surrender to the Algerian rebels. Many disorderly scenes for which representatives of the French inhabitants were responsible had already occurred. And if the Army decided to intervene politically it was in a fairly strong position by reason of the very fact that it was nearly all on the spot and, if it held together, could be subdued only by a blockade.

The affair started with a revolutionary aspect when a "Committee of Public Safety" was formed. The very title breathes revolution and summons up the names of Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon, and Collot d'Herbois. Here, however, the Committee was not composed of red republican terrorists and was headed by the most distinguished officer of his rank in the Army, General Massu, who made a very good impression on British colleagues in the Port Said affair. It stated that its object was to demand a Government of Public Safety in order to preserve Algeria as an integral part of France. Shortly afterwards General Massu gave precision to this demand by appealing to General de Gaulle to assume the leadership of a Government of Public Safety.

In Paris a certain amount of rioting took place, whereas in Algiers relative calm was quickly restored. How seriously M. Pflimlin took the situation was shown by the fact that he obtained special powers, by arrests and house detention, and by the concentration in Paris of an unprecedented number of police. M. Soustelle, who had brought down the last French Government and had been confined to his home on undisclosed terms, made a sensational escape and reached Algiers on the 18th, in the rôle of the most prominent leader of the right-wing supporters of the French population in Algeria and the strongest foe to any weakening of the campaign for a French Algeria.

From his long seclusion at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises emerged the enigmatic figure of General de Gaulle, in the first instance with a statement, typically brief and equally typically obscure. He was ready to assume "the powers of the Republic." Well, that might be interpreted as readiness either for a *coup d'état* or to become

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THREAT TO THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the head of a constitutional Government. The man in the street did not know which and his ignorance was clearly shared by M. Pflimlin and M. Mollet. It was obvious that, in Paris at least—and nobody seems to have bothered to inform us what France outside the capital is thinking—the enthusiasm for General de Gaulle was not remarkably high in quarters most favourable to him and that strong hostility was displayed in other quarters.

The General walked out of public life because he found French party politics both ignoble and a menace to France. In this sentiment he was not alone either within the country or outside it. At least three queries, besides that of his constitutional orthodoxy, had to be set after his name. Would the left ever tolerate his return or instead strive to paralyse the country by a general strike? Was he of the stuff which would afford a chance of his uniting a large body of public opinion behind him and solving the Algerian riddle? And, supposing him to have been so qualified in the past—for which his strength of mind and leadership during the war appeared a warrant—was the story true that he had lost much of his former vigour and optimism?

The situation was to a certain extent cleared up when General de Gaulle drove to Paris and made a statement on the 19th. "Why should you expect me to begin a dictatorial career at the age of sixty-seven?" he asked the journalists. He had, he said, no desire to violate the constitution. He approved of the action of the Army in taking control of the settlers' movement, and when asked whether his attitude had not encouraged the officers, demanded why he should condemn

experienced soldier considerably the senior of General Massu. General Salan began by announcing, on the first day, that he had provisionally taken in hand the destiny of Algeria. Since then he has identified himself, but by no means deeply, with the action of the Army and the setting up of the Committee of Public Safety. One senses

that his attitude is not quite that of General Massu, without being able to define the difference. Is he—is, for that matter, M. Pflimlin—putting up with the Army's attitude as a safeguard against chaos and the lesser of two evils? This would not necessarily mean that their views were the same. That indeed is virtually inconceivable.

It is natural enough that the Government should walk warily. After all, if the worst came to the worst in Algeria and secession were proclaimed, the probability is that France would be left practically without an army. The other alternatives have been that Algiers would impose its will on the French Government, that the whole movement in Algeria would collapse, or that there would be some form of compromise, whether or not it included a de Gaulle ministry. From the point of view of an Algerian settlement and of future relations with Tunisia it looks to an outsider as though his constitutional return to power might be a good solution. Yes, but might it not cause frightful disorder internally?

Writing further ahead of publication than usual owing to the holiday, I can only conclude with the hope that France will emerge safely from what is undoubtedly a very grave crisis, brought about by the difficulty of the Algerian problem and the depth of the division it has caused. Yet there has been also a secondary reason, which has in the recent past accounted for less serious crises or for crises which never went beyond threatening to appear. It is the structure of politics. A multiplicity of parties is a nuisance, but too much blame has been bestowed on it: more than one country is making government



IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING LEADING MEMBERS OF M. PFLIMLIN'S GOVERNMENT DURING THE SESSION ON MAY 20 WHEN THE GOVERNMENT REQUEST FOR THE RENEWAL OF SPECIAL POWERS IN ALGERIA WAS GRANTED BY 475 VOTES TO 100.

On May 18, M. Pflimlin, the French Prime Minister, and M. Mollet had a meeting with President Coty which lasted an hour. Previously, special emergency powers had been granted to the Government by a huge majority in the National Assembly. General de Gaulle had made his ambiguous statement that he was ready to assume the powers of the Republic, and in reply to this both M. Pflimlin and M. Mollet, in the National Assembly and the Council of the Republic, had called upon him to make himself clear, and to say that he respected the Republic and did not support the organisers of the insurrection in Algeria. On May 19, General de Gaulle gave his Press conference, which attracted attention all over the world, and at which he denied he had any ambition to become a dictator, reiterated his willingness to come to power "if the people wish," and said that if he did so it would be by an exceptional procedure to be revealed when the time came. The rising in Algeria he seemed to approve. The following day, the National Assembly voted by another huge majority in favour of the Government's request for a renewal of its predecessor's special powers in Algeria. During the day's session of the Assembly, M. Pflimlin continued to adopt a cautious attitude to Algerian events, his statements referring to the conduct of French military leaders being notably non-committal. He reaffirmed his policy of increasing the military effort in Algeria to hasten a victorious peace in Algeria. On

May 21, in Algiers, General Salan said the population of Algeria were waiting to be led by General de Gaulle.

them when the Government had not done so. It was a shrewd thrust. It called attention not merely to the embarrassment of the Government but also the extreme caution of its policy, perhaps also to its subtlety.

A key figure not yet discussed is the Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, General Salan, a very

based on the alliance of several parties work fairly well. Their secret may be that the parties are more public-spirited and less selfish. The trouble with Republican France has been that politics are so shabby that the majority of those who enter politics are shabby, too. Till that state of affairs is remedied France is not likely to be entirely free from situations such as that of this month.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



FORMOSA. THE SHAH OF PERSIA, WITH GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK, AT A REVIEW HELD DURING THE SHAH'S VISIT TO THE ISLAND IN THE EARLY PART OF MAY. HE IS THOUGHT TO BE THE FIRST REIGNING MONARCH TO VISIT THE NATIONALISTS THERE.



ALGIERS. AN INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH OF MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY; STANDING, IN THE CENTRE AND WEARING BATTLEDRESS, IS GENERAL MASSU, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE. On the day that this photograph was taken, M. de Serigny, a member of the committee and publisher of the Right-Wing *Echo d'Alger*, said that the committee was 100 per cent. in support of complete integration of Algeria with France and added "We shall never agree to negotiate with the present régime."



MARYLAND, U.S.A. THE WRECKAGE OF A VISCOUNT AIRCRAFT OF CAPITAL AIRLINES, WHICH CRASHED AFTER A COLLISION WITH A JET TRAINER. IN ALL, TWELVE PERSONS DIED.

On May 20, at Brunswick, Maryland, a *Viscount* carrying seven passengers and four crew crashed and burnt out after a collision in the air with a T-33 jet trainer of the Maryland National Guard. All the occupants of the airliner were killed, as was the passenger in the trainer, the pilot of which, though severely burned, escaped by parachute.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. AFTER BEING DROPPED BY PARACHUTE: A JEEP STANDING ON A NEW LIGHTWEIGHT EXPENDABLE PALLET, NOW UNDERGOING TESTS.

The pallet, or platform, which cushions the shock when the dropped jeep reaches ground is of a new experimental type, costing a tenth of the previous type and weighing half as much. It is made of wood, plywood and paperboard honeycomb.



CHICAGO, U.S.A. READY FOR THE SUMMER CRUISE SEASON: S.S. NORTH AMERICAN (LEFT) AND S.S. SOUTH AMERICAN, THE LAST TWO PASSENGER LINERS ON THE GREAT LAKES, SEEN TOGETHER AT MICHIGAN AVENUE.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. "A TEXAS TOWER" OFF CAPE COD: A U.S.A.F. OFF-SHORE RADAR INSTALLATION ON GEORGE'S ISLAND. SUCH TOWERS SERVE TO GIVE EARLY WARNING OF AIRCRAFT APPROACHING FROM THE SEA.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



WHERE THE ONLY *TERRA FIRMA* IS UNDER WATER: THE PORTUGUESE BEND PIER WHOSE LANDWARD PILES ARE BUCKLED AND WHOSE SEAWARD ONES STAND FIRM.



IN FRONT OF A HOUSE BY THE WATER'S EDGE: A TILTED LAMP-POST UPROOTED BY THE MYSTERIOUS LANDSLIDE AT PORTUGUESE BEND.



RUINED BY THE LANDSLIDE WHICH MOVES INEXORABLY AT THE RATE OF AN INCH A DAY: WRECKED HOUSES, SOME BROKEN INTO TWO HALVES.



STANDING DESERTED AMONG THE OTHER ABANDONED BUILDINGS: A HOUSE SHORED UP WITH TIMBERS (LEFT) AS A TEMPORARY MEASURE TO PREVENT ITS IMMEDIATE COLLAPSE.



WRECKED HOUSES LEANING IN ALL DIRECTIONS. A WIDE SPACE SEPARATES THE WALL SURROUNDING THE DOORWAY FROM THE CEILING.



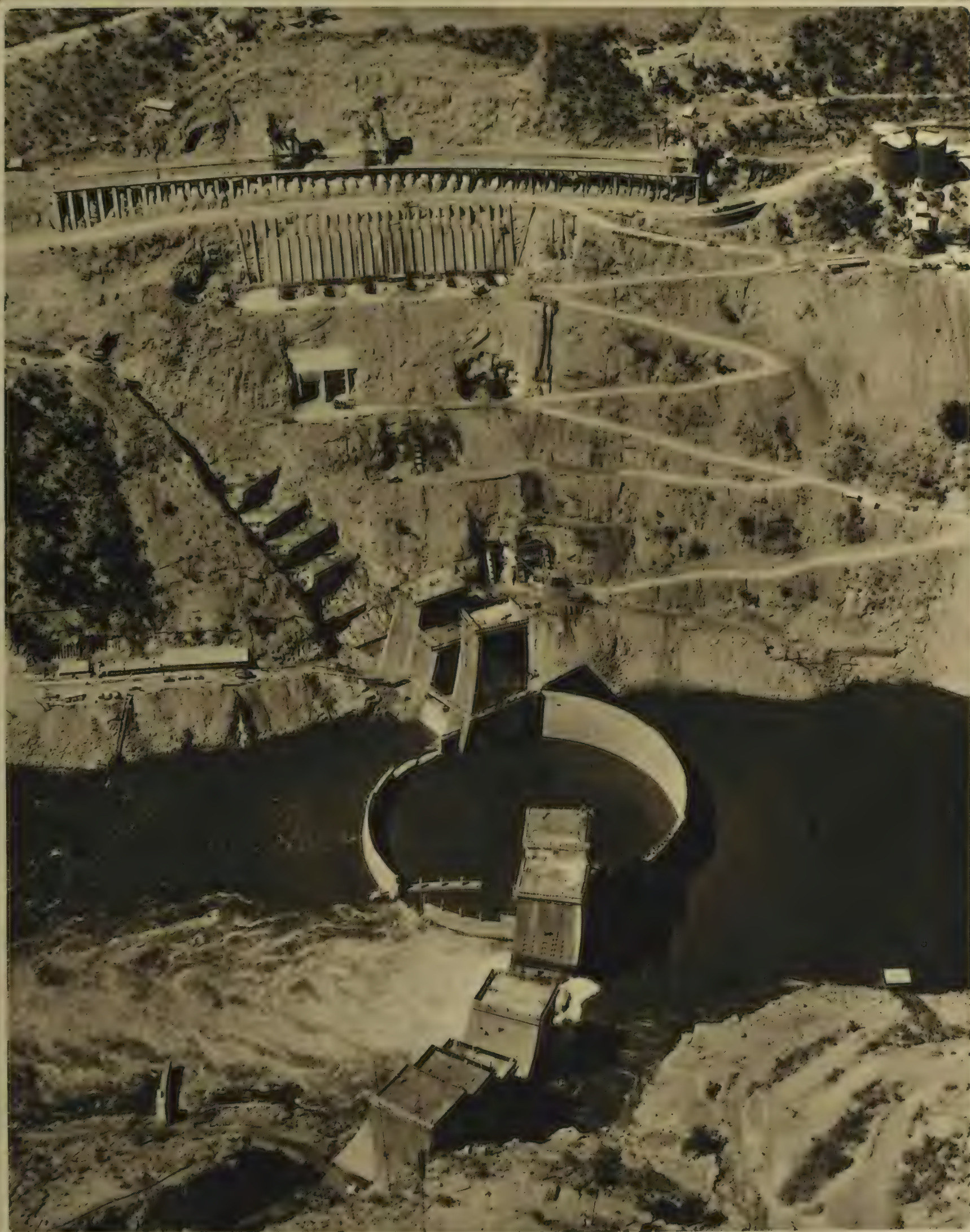
WHERE THE WEEDS THRIVE UNDISTURBED: GARDENS OF SOME OF THE ABANDONED HOUSES WHICH ARE DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION. THESE HOUSES OVERLOOK THE BEACH.

THE UNITED STATES. THE DEATH OF A CALIFORNIAN RESORT: PORTUGUESE BEND, VICTIM OF A MYSTERIOUS LANDSLIDE.

A once exclusive Californian seaside resort, Portuguese Bend, which is situated between Redondo Beach and San Pedro, is slowly dying. It is losing ground at the rate of an inch each day. Already some 145 houses, built at a cost ranging from \$5,000 to \$17,000, have been damaged or wrecked, and over a hundred of them have had to be evacuated. The wrecked houses lie tilted, twisted and broken, abandoned to the weeds and weather.

Engineers are not in agreement about the cause of the strange earth movement. Some of them think the soil in the area rests on a bed of rock which becomes slippery when wet. The angry property owners, however, blame the County of Los Angeles and are bringing actions for damages. They allege that the dumping of tons of earth on the upper levels of Portuguese Bend during road construction operations started the landslide.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND. ON MAY 8—AFTER THE FLOOD: THE WATER-FILLED AND DAMAGED CIRCULAR COFFER-DAM OF THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT REVEALED AGAIN AS THE ZAMBESI SUBSIDES.

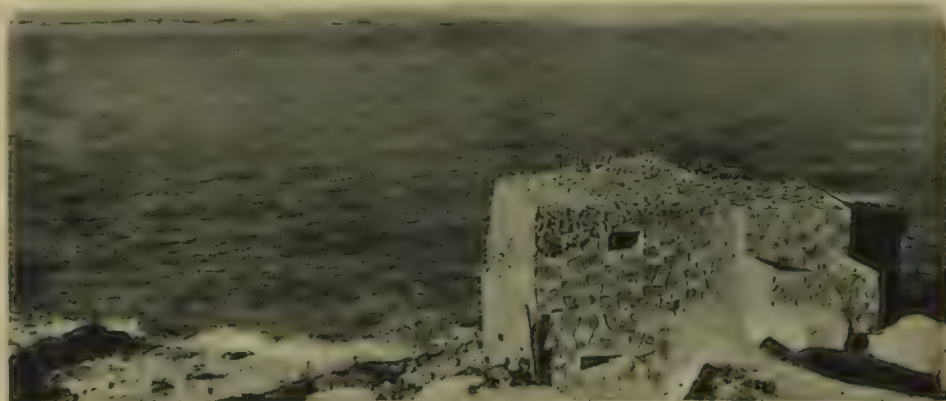
The River Zambesi, which earlier this year rose to a record level and flooded the circular coffer-dam of the great Kariba hydro-electric project, has now subsided. The coffer-dam was recently still flooded, however, as can be seen from the photograph, taken on May 8, and work was continuing on the repair of the coffer-dam walls. During the flooding, when the river became a raging torrent, the road- and foot-bridge at the site were both swept away, leaving only cable connections between the opposing banks.

A new foot-bridge, below the dam, has recently been completed. Although the coffer-dam, built to exclude the water while the central part of the main dam was built, suffered considerably in the flooding, it was thought the permanent works—the main dam and the power station—had not suffered seriously. By April, the Italian firm responsible for building the dam and power station were confident that the main civil engineering works they had undertaken would be completed by the agreed time—1961.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



NORTH KOREA. THE WITHDRAWAL OF CHINESE TROOPS: A CHINESE TANK UNIT (LEFT) EXCHANGING GREETINGS WITH THE NORTH KOREAN UNIT REPLACING THEM. By April 30 some 80,000 Chinese troops were to have been withdrawn from North Korea, as the first of three phases by which all Chinese troops would be evacuated by December. North Korea and Communist China reached agreement on this withdrawal in February.



QUEMOY, CHINA. AN ABANDONED NATIONALIST GUN EMPLACEMENT FACING THE MAINLAND (TOP); AND NATIONALIST TROOPS RELEASING PROPAGANDA BALLOONS (BOTTOM). Not much more than a mile of water separates the Chinese Nationalist island of Quemoy from the Communist mainland of China and both sides frequently fire artillery shells across it. But the war is chiefly fought with propaganda leaflets which are carried by balloons.



DAMASCUS, SYRIA. A GROUP OF SYRIANS, PART OF A DETACHMENT OF 300, DEPORTED FROM THE LEBANON FOR SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES, SEEN ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT DAMASCUS.



BEIRUT, LEBANON. THE LEBANESE PRESIDENT, M. CHAMOUN, WELCOMING THE PRIME MINISTER, M. SAMI SOHL (LEFT), TO THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE FOR CONSULTATIONS. At a Press conference on May 21, President Chamoun repeated that the United Arab Republic had been guilty of massive interference and that Lebanon was seriously considering placing the matter before the U.N. Security Council. One hundred Syrians had been arrested, many belonging to the Syrian Army, and some 4000 had left the country, though not all had been deported.



ITALY. COMMEMORATING THE VICTIMS OF LAST YEAR'S MILLE MIGLIA TRAGEDY: THE MONUMENT NEAR MANTUA WHICH WAS INAUGURATED ON MAY 12. On May 12 of last year the Marquis de Portago, his co-driver and thirteen spectators were killed when the Marquis' car crashed at high speed during the Mille Miglia race. A monument has been erected close to where the crash took place on the road north of Mantua.



ALGERIA. DURING A FRENCH NAVAL OCCASION IN ALGIERS: M. JACQUES SOUSTELLE (CENTRE) AMONG NAVAL AND MILITARY LEADERS. Since his dramatic arrival in Algiers on May 17, M. Soustelle has been enthusiastically received at many public meetings and has continually been seen together with Generals Salan and Massu and other French military leaders. His position, however, was not clarified by May 22.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ILLUMINATED MSS.

"THE ILLUMINATED BOOK—ITS HISTORY AND PRODUCTION." By DAVID DIRINGER.*

A FORMIDABLE volume about "The Illuminated Book" from the pen of David Diringer sent me to the telephone to ask his publishers for some information about him. I was told that he was born in 1900 in Austria-Hungary and that by the age of six he could speak five languages; that he studied at Rome and Florence, that he published two books in Italian and two in English. Of the last, one is "The Alphabet, a Key to the History of Mankind," the other "The Hand-Produced Book." Now comes a third, the one discussed here, the product of an ant-like industry, a tidy mind and great enthusiasm. The author is clearly

and the probability that occasionally some new-rich ignoramus ordered a lavish Book of Hours for his wife meant little more than he was eager to keep up with the Joneses; it did not mean that he was eager for instruction by means of pictures.

But this is a small point; what Dr. Diringer has accomplished is to present in a single volume a survey of book-illustration from ancient Egypt down to about A.D. 1500, quoting all the principal comments of specialists, illustrating each chapter by a selection of photographs—there must be several hundred of them—and providing lengthy bibliographies in case the reader is tempted to pursue his studies further. Obviously this is a work to be read carefully and at intervals, a work of reference rather than a narrative history. Happily, in spite of the author's modest disclaimer, it is by no means lacking in shrewd comments upon artistic in addition to merely illustrative values. But while it will be of great service to the serious student, the mere idler—he who likes to pick up a book for half an hour at a time—will find it no less useful, reminding him of many glories he has perhaps been lucky enough to see for himself in the past, and providing him with all kinds of information which, if he ever knew, he has long since forgotten.

Many of us—to take but one example—are familiar, either by reproduction or by having seen one or more of the actual paintings—with the superb work of Jean Fouquet, of Tours, who died about 1480. There is his masterpiece, the Book of Hours of Etienne Chevalier, and the French translation of Josephus' "Jewish Antiquities" and "Jewish War." Dr. Diringer reminds us that this beautiful work is now reunited in the National Library at Paris through the generosity of King Edward VII and the late Yates Thompson. He quotes freely, with due acknowledgments, from all the scholarly critics and commentators of the past and present, so that the reader is provided with chapter and verse for the opinions expressed, and he omits nothing of the slightest importance.

He notes, for instance, how towards the end of the golden age of illumination in Flanders the fashion for what to-day we label the *trompe l'œil* was used for the decorative borders—borders "covered with beautifully and accurately painted flowers, such as cornflowers, carnations, columbines, and pansies, fruits (particularly wild strawberries), butterflies, bees, snails, birds, etc.; it is interesting to note that the depicted objects appear as slightly raised above the ground... sometimes the spray of flowers is actually secured to the page by a painted pin. Although each of the objects painted is delightful in itself, and is an admirable illustration for natural history, the decorative scheme is not on the whole successful. Some modern critics have compared it with the illustrated catalogue of a seedman." But he is not wholly averse to a near approach to nature, as witness his remarks about twelfth-century illumination in Germany. He speaks of "a marked effort towards true artistic design" (what, by the way, is true artistic design?)—and, after some other somewhat obscure generalisations, notes that human figures are sometimes introduced as part of the decorative scheme and that what he calls "reasonable expressions" take the place of the "senseless stare or grotesque exaggeration of attitude and feature" of earlier painting—a judgment which is all very well in its way, but still leaves us in the dark as to what he means by the dangerous word artistic.

Less familiar to most of us will be the sections devoted to Byzantine, Islamic and allied illuminations, in which the former style is neatly summed up as follows: "This art at its best possessed a power of rendering spiritual values and of translating supernatural or natural majesty into terms of colour and line, which no other artistic system has ever approached.... It achieved its purpose by a deliberate subordination of naturalism to ideas, by the representation of arrested action, not violent movement; it aimed at dignity, not energy. Its personages are symbols of something greater than themselves; their formal outlines, their carefully folded draperies, enhance, like the vestments of priests, the hieratic effect."

Perhaps I should point out one slip which has no doubt exasperated both publishers and author: the Bedford Book of Hours was acquired by the British Museum, not for £3000 in 1852, but for £33,000 in 1930. As always in a compilation of



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: DR. DAVID DIRINGER. Dr. Diringer, who is Lecturer in Semitic Epigraphy at Cambridge University, was born in Austria-Hungary in 1900. He studied at Rome and Florence Universities, and became a Professor at the latter. Among Dr. Diringer's previous publications are "The Alphabet, a Key to the History of Mankind," and "The Hand-Produced Book."

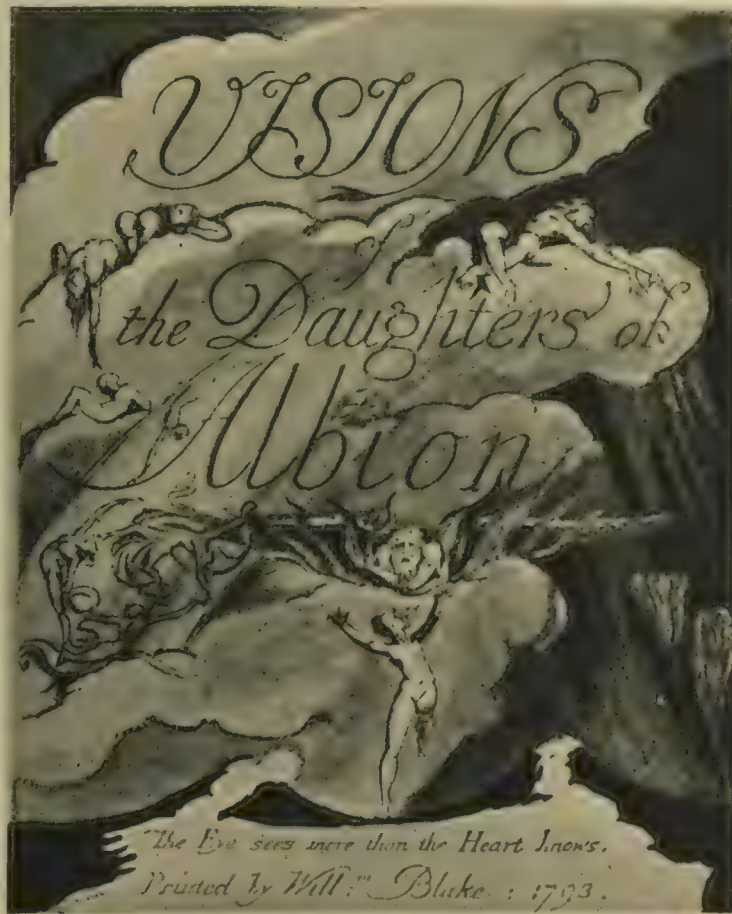


"EUROPE A PROPHECY": THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE SECOND OF THREE BLAKE FIRST EDITIONS SOLD IN ONE VOLUME ON MAY 19.

a born encyclopædist, and he regards this as the first of a whole series dealing with various aspects of book production in what he calls, obscurely, its "millennial development." He continues: "These volumes have one major aim—to bring to the intelligent reader sifted results of the most reliable research in the various fields, presented in readable form devoid of technicalities."

He disclaims any intention of dealing with his subject from the artistic standpoint or from that of the historian of art—though he provides plenty of evidence that he is well versed in such matters—and insists that he has limited himself to but one aspect, the meaning of the pictures. "I approach an example of book-illumination essentially as a manuscript written in a sort of pictorial script.... Indeed, in a certain way I am going back to one of the original purposes of illumination, that of instruction: in that early period the great majority of the faithful were illiterate.... Thus for many centuries book-illumination served mainly as a pictorial synthesis of the text. I am aware, however, that from the modern point of view the other purpose of illumination—to beautify the book—may appear more interesting."

At this point I venture to disagree—a very dangerous thing to do with so immensely learned a specialist. Wall paintings in churches were certainly made to instruct the illiterate; there they were, telling the story of salvation to every member of the congregation. But surely manuscripts, with or without illuminations, were made for those who could read and for those only? They were written and embellished for the few who could claim some sort of education, either churchmen or princes or grandees or their pious womenfolk. The wholly unlettered, it seems to me, would be able neither to afford them nor to appreciate them;



THE FRONTISPIECE TO WILLIAM BLAKE'S "VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION" (1793): A PLATE FROM ONE OF THE THREE BLAKE FIRST EDITIONS SOLD IN ONE VOLUME AT SOTHEBY'S FOR £23,000.

The sum of £23,000, the highest price paid for a single lot at a book sale in this country, was paid by a New York dealer at Sotheby's on May 19 for three Blake first editions bound in one volume. The previous record was the £22,000 paid in 1946 for the Dyson Perrins Gutenberg Bible. The volume was one of nine lots of Blake Illuminated Books from the collection of the late Mrs. William Emerson, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. In addition to "Visions of the Daughters of Albion" (one of seventeen recorded copies) and "Europe A Prophecy" (of which there are twelve copies), the volume contains one of four known copies, and the only one in a private collection, of "The Song of Los" (1795).

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book under review.

this character a choice had to be made between a few large-size illustrations and many small ones. The many were chosen and inevitably are merely pale reminders of the originals: none the less, even where you disagree with his conclusions, a factual record of the greatest value.

FRANK DAVIS.

*"The Illuminated Book: Its History and Production." By David Diringer, D.Litt. Illustrated with numerous plates, six of them in colour. (Faber and Faber; 6 gns.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 936 of this issue.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A DAY or two ago I came to the conclusion that grafting peaches on plum stocks ought to be made a criminal offence. Some seven or eight years ago I bought

and planted a half-standard peach tree, variety "Hale's Early." It was a nice-looking specimen, and came from a leading nursery firm of high repute, and I planted it in a circular 5-ft. bed on lawn. It grew well, flowered freely, and has carried and ripened several good crops of excellent peaches, and as far as I can remember it never failed in any year to produce at least a moderate-to-small crop.

But that tree has been a source of annoyance and irritation ever since I planted it. Every spring and summer the roots have pushed up profuse crops of plum suckers, sprouting all over the bed, and not only one crop in a season but several. Most carefully I have removed the suckers, and then, within weeks, a fresh crop has sprung up. I have kept the bed nicely weeded, and given it a comfortable summer mulch of mellow "farm-yard."

Is there not a story about a fellow who fell among thieves—and the thieves sprang up and choked him? It was like that with my peach tree. If I had not meticulously dug out those infernal plum suckers several times each summer, they would undoubtedly have sprung up and choked poor "Hale's Early." Last summer, during an extra long spell of drought, the lawn in which "Hale's Early" dwells was left unmown for several weeks, and then, to my astonishment and fury, plum suckers erupted in the lawn surrounding the circular peach bed—a forest of them over a radius of 10 ft. or more. It was only the regular weekly mowing that had kept the suckers cut to ground-level and so unnoticed.

A few days ago the 5-ft. peach bed was thicker than ever with its first-of-the-season crop of plum suckers, a forest of vigorous 5 to 6-in. shoots, with most beautiful, glossy, bronze-green leaves. It was then that I decided that this plaguey peach could no longer be tolerated, and so my gardener, with his little axe, did the famous Little George Washington act, and felled the tree. He also excavated the 5-ft. circular bed, dug out the whole of the soil to a depth of 2 ft., wheeled away the soil and the offending plum roots, filled up with fresh soil of good quality, and planted a young maple tree in place of "Hale's Early"—or perhaps I should say Hale's late peach. To do the job thoroughly and properly I ought no doubt to have lifted the turf and extracted the plum roots from the whole of the wide area over which they had spread. But that would have been a major operation—too major for this busy time of year. Instead, I have decided on a more subtle Borgia technique. I shall leave the plum-root-infested area of lawn unmown for several weeks, and then, when the suckers are nicely up, and really enjoying themselves—no peach tree to support and nourish—I shall go over them and sponge their leaves with a solution of sodium chlorate. That, I think, should settle their hash, with out too greatly harming the turf, for it is the leaves of a weed rather than its roots to which sodium should be applied. Soaked into the leaves, the poison works down through the whole of the plant's system, and finally kills the roots. If some of

PEACH ON PLUM.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

the sodium chlorate should become washed off the plum suckers and kill some of the grass, well, that will be what, I understand, is known technically as just too bad. If that should happen, I shall water the turf heavily with the idea of washing the poison clean out of the soil, and I have no doubt that the surviving grass will soon spread, and repair the damage. In any case, I shall have rid myself of those infernal suckering plum roots.

Peaches are far more satisfactory when grafted on peach stocks—that is, on young peach trees raised by sowing peach stones. The process, I

understand, rather more troublesome than grafting on plum stocks, but the result is entire freedom from the persistently recurring nuisance of the suckers which have plagued me for all these years. I think I am right in saying that the particular type of plum which is mostly used as a host root in grafted peach trees is known as the mussel plum, and I feel very sure that I am right in saying that nothing could be worse for the purpose. Surely a useful line of country for experiment and investigation would be a quest for some type of plum on which to graft peaches, a type of which young stocks fit for grafting on could be produced easily and readily, and one which would not surround itself with a dense forest of unwanted sucker offspring. Meanwhile, I know of at least one nursery firm from which peach trees of the best varieties, grafted on peach stocks, may be obtained. There may, of course, be others, but I do not know of them, but if there are I would be very glad to be put in touch with them.

Another matter. Growing on a lawn, not 40 yards from where I write, is a Judas tree, *Cercis siliquastrum*, which I planted as a 2-ft. pot-grown youngster seven or eight years ago. It is now a fine spreading bush about 12 ft. tall, and almost as much through, and just now it is literally smothered from top to bottom with blossom. Little tufts and clusters of flowers in shape and size very like gorse or broom, and in colour a fine deep pink with a touch of plum-juice to give body. Every branch and smallest twig is thick with the crowded blossoms, and, in a most curious and original way, there are innumerable tufts of the flowers springing not only from the bark of the thicker branches but actually from the bark of the main trunk as well. This gives a most curious effect, as though some rather original child had been practical-joking. At the moment my Judas tree is the most striking and beautiful thing in the garden.

But I have just had a sudden rush of brains—or at any rate, inspiration—to the head: another very lovely flower just now is the double cuckoo flower, and there are a number of fine clumps of it about the garden, looking like pools of cool lilac, produced by some small, dainty, double stock of a colour which no stock of my acquaintance has ever achieved. Now, my Judas tree grows in the 4-ft. circular bed which was originally made for it, and this is carpeted with the blue *Anemone apennina*, which has always finished flowering by the time the Judas tree opens. I shall remove the anemone, and enlarge the bed to the span of the Judas tree's spread, a circle with a 6-ft. radius, and plant the whole bed with double cuckoo flowers. The two colours will contrast perfectly.

In a gardening book which I read recently I saw it solemnly stated that the double cuckoo flower, in spite of its doubleness, sets seeds and that numerous seedlings spring up around the parent plants. This is not so. I have examined the flowers, and anything more sexlessly incapable of producing seeds I could not imagine. The tiny plants which appear are produced by leaves which fall from the parent plants, and send out roots and become plantlets when they come in contact with the soil.



"EVERY BRANCH AND SMALLEST TWIG IS THICK WITH THE CROWDED BLOSSOMS . . . IN COLOUR A FINE DEEP PINK WITH A TOUCH OF PLUM-JUICE TO GIVE BODY": A JUDAS TREE (*CERCIS SILIQUASTRUM*) BESIDE A WOODLAND PATH. (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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GOLD MEDAL EXHIBITS AT CHELSEA: SOME OF THE MANY HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FLOWER SHOW.



(1) SOME OF THE CARNATIONS SHOWN BY THE GERMAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF BONN. (2) CUT FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE PLANTS FROM HOLLAND ON THE STAND OF VERENIGING DE NEDERLANDSE BLOEMISTERIJ. (3) AN IMPRESSIVE PYRAMID OF VEGETABLES WITH FRUIT AND FLOWERS EXHIBITED BY THE N.F.U. MARKET PRODUCE SHOW SOCIETY LTD. (4) CACTI AND SUCCULENTS EXHIBITED BY WORFIELD GARDENS, OF BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE. (5) FLORISTS' FLOWERS DISPLAYED BY CARTERS TESTED SEEDS LTD. (6) AN AMERICAN VISITOR LOOKING AT SOME HERCULES BEGONIAS GROWN BY BLACKMORE AND LANGDON, OF BATH.

The 1958 Chelsea Flower Show which opened in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, at Chelsea, to the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society on May 20, and to the public on the following three days, presented a display of beauty which many thought more impressive than ever before. Thirty-three exhibitors were awarded Gold Medals, including the Vereniging de Nederlandse Bloemisterij, the French firm of Vilmorin-Andrieux and the German Horticultural Society of Bonn. The ever-increasing popularity of indoor plants was reflected in a large exhibit of almost every plant which can be grown successfully in a dwelling-house. In the Marquee there were

two mouth-watering displays of exceptionally fine strawberries, staged by the Duke of Norfolk and the Waterperry Horticultural School. Another outstanding indoor display was that of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley where a collection of kurume azaleas provided a particularly magnificent show of delicate colours. As well as the exhibits of plants, flowers, fruit, vegetables and floral arrangements, there was a comprehensive display of gardening aids from books and tools to the very latest mechanical implements, automatic greenhouse ventilators and watering equipment. Other photographs of the Show appeared in our last issue.

THE TEMPLE OF HERA RISES AGAIN: A MAJOR WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION AT SELINUNTE, IN SOUTH-WEST SICILY.

By IOLE BOVIO MARCONI, Superintendent of Antiquities of North-West Sicily.

The restoration of the Selinunte Temple described in the following article has been undertaken by the Superintendency of Antiquities of North-West Sicily, with financial assistance from the Cassa per il Mezzogiorno.

ON the hill which slopes gently down to the little valley of the Gorgo Cottone, and where once the harbour of ancient Selinunte stood to the east of the acropolis, there could formerly be seen the ruins of three Siciliote temples (Fig. 2) dating from the time of Selinunte's greatest prosperity.

Evocative these ruins were, great blocks of worked stone fallen or piled up, with an occasional column still erect, and they gave a romantic impression in a wild countryside infested with malaria and desolate with marshes and sand dunes. They called up visions of grandeur, decay and desertion, which pleased the romantic taste of travellers of the last century and gave birth to the legend that all the sacred buildings of Selinunte had fallen in an earthquake. The imposing mass of the Temple of Apollo and the more modest remains of Temple F can still be seen, but they contrast strongly with a countryside which is no longer wild, but richly covered with vines and olive trees, dotted with farms, crossed by main roads and the railway, and enlivened with tourist and seaside activities. The ruins of Temple E can be seen no more.

From the great pile of wall fragments, column drums, capitals and cross-members (Fig. 2), all jumbled together or, on the north side, lying as they fell, the walls and columns have risen again.

Temple E is the second largest of the Selinunte temples, measuring 25.27 m. (82 ft. 11 ins.) by 67.68 m. (220 ft.), but it is the most beautiful by reason of the harmony of its proportions and the rhythm of the mass. It is a Doric building of almost classic purity (Fig. 4), with six columns on the short sides and fifteen on the long, each with twenty flutes, softened with the slightest *entasis* (or swelling), and with a rather marked curve in the *abacus* of the capital.

The peristyle is somewhat narrow in proportion to the *cella* and it was paved with broad stone flags which form the stylobate of the high platform, reached on the nearer side by eleven steps—of which nine remain. The *cella*, measuring 24 m. (78 ft. 9 ins.) by 11.70 m. (38 ft. 4 ins.), is composed of the *pronaos* (the vestibule at the front), the *opisthodomos* (or vestibule at the back) and the *cella* proper, containing the typical *adyton* (or shrine), in which stood the statue of the deity to whom the temple was dedicated. And it was in this *adyton* that the excavator Saverio Cavallari found a very small and late dedicatory inscription to Hera, which provides the evidence for the suggestion, however unconfirmed, that this temple was a temple of Hera.

The detailed history of the temple's building, life and destruction is obscure; and must be

read in the remains and in their links with the development of the city.

From the architectural style and the decorative sculptures, it can be placed between 470 and 460 B.C. It was the last of the group on the eastern hill and was one of the latest and richest of all the city's temples, to judge from the carved metopes which decorated the *pronaos* and the *opisthodomos*; and the high quality of this work



FIG. 1. INSIDE THE TEMPLE OF HERA, WHICH IS NOW BEING RESTORED AT SELINUNTE, IN SOUTH-WEST SICILY, AND LOOKING TOWARDS THE RUINS OF TEMPLES F AND G. THE BOTTOM DRUM OF THE RIGHT CENTRAL COLUMN IS RESTORED, THE THIRD IN PROCESS OF RESTORATION.

is an indication of the care with which the creative artists concerned in the building were chosen. The date of its destruction is much less certain and was thought to have happened late in the Byzantine era—which would have given it a long life of religious activity. This tradition must now be discarded, since recent researches, arising out of the reconstruction, have confirmed that there was a small private house within the peristyle in which were found fragments of Greek and Punic pottery of the third century B.C.

The later vicissitudes of the building, linked always with those of the city, are also of interest. After the Roman period the city disappeared, half-buried with the passing of the years, sand and vegetation invading the splendid ruins, and the name of Selinunte was forgotten for the poor hamlet, whose peasants dwelt among the ancient ruins or used them as quarries for stone. The Arabs called it Casale dei Pilastrì (Village of Pillars); in the sixteenth century Tommaso

Fazello failed to recognise it as the site of Selinunte; and two centuries later l'Houssel found only traces of it.

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that excavations were begun. In 1823 two English architects, William Harris and Samuel Angell, spent six months in the region to study and explore the ruins; in their excavations of the dead city they found the metopes of Temple C on the acropolis and gave some indications of Temple E. As a result, in the excavations of the Duke of Serradifalco and Valerio Villareale five metopes and some most beautiful fragments of metope sculpture were discovered among the emerging ruins of Temple E.

The excavations were started again after thirty years by Saverio Cavallari and Salinas.

After the researches of the end of the last century and the setting up of the sculptures in the Palermo Museum, for more than fifty years the

ruins of the temple lay undisturbed by man—but not by the atmosphere. Water, and especially the strong winds from the south, were eroding and pitting the limestone, no longer protected by the ancient plaster or the covering of sand.

The northern *anta* (or pilaster wall) of the *opisthodomos* which had remained standing by itself was eroded at the base and was collapsing; displaced portions of the architrave were toppling and slipping down, sometimes wedged in their fall. It was recommended that the work of consolidation and restoration should be carried out, difficult though it would be in this pile of fragments which, though picturesque, was precarious and confused.

Their architectural beauty, however, the quantity of surviving pieces, and especially the position of the fallen northern peristyle, suggested a reconstruction which would use almost entirely the ancient material and could recreate a form of beauty, true, vital and intelligible to everyone in place of the disordered beauty of fragmentary forms, drawing their chief charm from a romantic suggestion of death.

In the reconstruction which has taken place (Figs. 3, 4, 5 and 6) all the old architectural

elements have been used without modern substitutions, except where this is necessary for reasons of support. The parts which, for this reason, have had to be restored or made anew, are being made from a material which is quite distinct from the original, but harmonious from the point of view of colour, recognisable, that is, but not in contrast.

The local stone was rejected as too similar, brick as being too different in colour, and both as unsuitable for a restoration which was to be as complete as possible. A material was used which was at the same time plastic and solid—namely, concrete made with an aggregate of crushed local stone. In this material the flutes are copied in the drums of the restored columns.

By now almost all the columns of the peristyle have been raised except some on the south side and two of the *opisthodomos*. The capitals of each column being standard, these are being restored from casts made of those in the best state [Continued opposite.]

PERHAPS THE WORLD'S GREATEST RESTORATION OF A GREEK TEMPLE: OPERATIONS AT SELINUNTE.



FIG. 2. A DESOLATE AND ROMANTIC SIGHT: THE TUMBLING PILE OF COLUMN DRUMS AND FRAGMENTS WHICH WAS THE TEMPLE OF HERA AT SELINUNTE BEFORE THE RESTORATION.



FIG. 3. THE RESTORATION OF THE TEMPLE OF HERA: A POWERFUL MOBILE CRANE HOISTS ONE OF THE DRUMS OF THE HUGE DORIC COLUMNS INTO POSITION.

Continued.

of preservation, as a matter of structural necessity. The capitals, for the most part, are now in position, but only after considerable difficulty, on account of their weight, each being of about 20 tons, and owing to the absolute precision needed in positioning them. There was considerable difficulty, too, with the drums of the pillars by reason of the ingenious and complex play of the inclines and curves which regulate the dynamics of the structure. The raising of the cross-members (trabeation) has still to be done: it will constitute the fourth, and not the easiest, phase of the work owing to the complexity of the technical problems; and the first stage will be the collection of the remaining parts (about two-thirds of the total) of the double architrave and triglyph and their consolidation and restoration, apart from integrating them in the building. Of the *cella*, besides the restoration of the remains of the south wall (which had remained standing), the west wall and part of the north wall

[Continued below.]



(Right.) FIG. 4. ALREADY SUPERB IN BEAUTY AND WITH EVEN GREATER SPLENDOURS TO COME: THE PARTLY-RESTORED TEMPLE FROM THE NORTH-WEST CORNER.



FIG. 5. THE TEMPLE OF HERA RISES AGAIN: A VIEW OF THE SOUTH SIDE, TAKEN DURING THE PHASE WHEN THE HUGE COLUMN DRUMS WERE BEING RAISED AGAIN.



FIG. 6. FROM THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER—A VIEW DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSITE TO FIG. 4, BUT EARLIER IN THE WORK, BEFORE THE 20-TON CAPITALS WERE ERECTED.

Continued.

have been rebuilt with parts belonging to them. The reconstruction of Greek temples has been carried-out before, but only partially, and with more or less successful technical and artistic results, as, in Sicily, for example, the temple of Hercules and the Dioscuri at Agrigento and of Temple C on the acropolis at Selinunte, and also in Greece, as in the numerous reconstructions at Athens, Delphi and Cape Sunium. But this is the first time that we have had a sacred building raised again in entirety, or almost so. "Almost so," because Temple E, when work is finished there and without the replacement of parts

which have disappeared entirely, will lack the eastern part of the *cella* with the *pronaos*, the pediments except for the corner of the west one, the roof and the decorative embellishments. It will, nevertheless, constitute a marvellous example of Greco-Siciliote architecture, a synthesis of almost musical rhythms. Even now, although the work is not yet complete, the form of the temple, after centuries of ruin, now stands erect and thrusts once more up into the sunshine and the blue sky, and vividly evokes the art and life of ancient Selinunte of 2500 years ago.



FROM "HOMAGE TO THE QUEEN": A STRIKING TABLEAU IN THIS CORONATION TRIBUTE, NOW INCLUDED IN THE ROYAL BALLET'S PROGRAMME AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

"Homage to the Queen," the ballet specially commissioned for the Coronation in 1953, returned to the repertoire of the Royal Ballet when it was performed at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on May 8, and forms part of the programme now being performed by the Royal Ballet at the Brussels Exhibition. The photograph shows one of the tableaux, and was taken during a performance at Covent Garden at the time of the Coronation. The ballet was to be performed, together with "Scènes de Ballet" and Act III of "Sleeping Beauty," in the

Grand Auditorium of the Brussels Exhibition on May 26, and following this, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels. The other ballets in the programme to be presented at Brussels were "Checkmate" and "The Firebird." The last performance at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie is to take place on June 1. The choreography of "Homage to the Queen" is by Frederick Ashton and the music was written by the young musician, Malcolm Arnold. The setting and costumes were designed by Oliver Messel, and the ballet provided a fitting climax

to the performance at Covent Garden on Coronation night. It was preceded on this memorable occasion by Act II of "Le Lac des Cygnes" and by the Queen's and Prime Minister's speeches, which were broadcast in the Opera House. Nearly the whole Sadler's Wells Ballet, as the Royal Ballet then was, appeared in this impressive Coronation tribute to the Queen. The ballet consists of an opening parade of four Queens representing the four elements, Earth, Water, Fire and Air, each accompanied by her consort and attendants. This is

followed by four miniature ballets, performed in homage to the new Queen, and in each of them the dancing reflects the characteristics of one of the elements. At the end, all the dancers return to the stage in a final gesture of homage. Outstanding among the dances is the *pas de deux* of the Queen of the Air and her Consort, which contains exciting and unusual movements. These two parts were originally taken by Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes. Another highlight is the beautiful choreography of the episode for the Queen of the Waters.

Photograph by Houston Rogers.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A TUDOR WRITING COFFER.

Queen Mary. This stylistic evidence would appear to be conclusive, so that this combined writing-box and filing cabinet can be dated to the short reign of Edward VI, *i.e.*, not later than 1553.

While this remarkable example of fine tooled leatherwork, preserved by the fortunate chance of having been shut up in a box, is of obvious and specialised interest to bookmen, the thing, as a whole, has a rather wider significance considered as a piece of furniture. Small boxes—little portable desks to be moved from table to table—

on the move, and a substantial receptacle of this sort would have been of use to others in his entourage, apart from the Sovereign himself, and tooling and workmanship of this high standard would have been in keeping with their dignity. This, though, is mere guess-work. What is interesting is that we had to wait so many years before anyone thought of making a writing-desk which was not a small boxlike structure to be carried about from table to table. Even this quite elaborate arrangement has to be placed on a table, so that the front portion can fall forward and rest upon it. It appears that not even Charles I

a century later—and, however politically inept he was, he was also a highly-cultured Renaissance prince—owned a piece of furniture made for writing and intended to be a fixture.

The earliest English cabinet-maker's essay in writing-bureaux which I have seen is a small affair in walnut of about 1670—little more than a small sloping desk on turned legs. The curious thing is that no one seems to have thought of a similar device previously, for what more obvious, having once devised this travelling, silk-lined, leather-covered and quite luxurious despatch box-cum-writing-cabinet by the middle of the sixteenth century, than to provide Royalty at least with a more permanent piece of furniture for library or office—something monumental, no doubt, in oak at this time, but on a par with the great cupboards of the period. Perhaps this lack of what, to us, are very ordinary amenities—things we take for granted—brings home the enormous difference between our lives and those of our Tudor ancestors as much as anything—that and the extravagance and richness of their clothes for ceremonial occasions.

But to return to this leatherwork. If one looks closely at the ER on the left of the writing slab, one notices that the E has evidently been stamped over an H. The explanation?—a simple misfire, as it were, rectified immediately as the work

THIS rather roughly-made iron-bound oak coffer is not, in fact, as sinister an object as would appear from the exterior when closed. When one examines it closely the remains of a covering of leather are visible beneath the various pieces of iron, so that it is not difficult to imagine what it was like when it was delivered to its first owner—a handsome, dignified receptacle with a good lock and a handle at each end for carrying. The marks of the nails which once pinned the leather covering to the carcass are plain enough, and those left in the iron-work are hand-made, as one would expect them to be in what is evidently sixteenth-century work. So far this trunk or coffer would appear to be little more than a somewhat battered relic from an age before modern lightweight luggage was thought of. The surprise comes when one turns the key and lifts the lid. It is not a trunk at all in the ordinary sense of the term, but a silk-lined and obviously luxurious writing-cabinet with a deep compartment above, two drawers beneath and the front falling forward to form a writing-table. We have long been accustomed to having writing-table tops covered in tooled leather. Here we have something more: the outside of the drawers and, indeed, the whole interior is treated in this manner, and not, surely, by the ordinary worker in leather who would presumably have been responsible for the outer covering.

This is unquestionably fine tooled work by a bookbinder of some eminence and deserves close examination. One notes the formal design repeated in the border of the writing flap, the little fleurons at the corners of the blind tooling at each side (that is, the lines not covered with gold), the Tudor roses repeated and the scrolling pattern on the drawers and elsewhere, the Royal Arms in the centre surmounted by a crown which is flanked by an E and an R, and at each side the Tudor Rose, crown and ER again. The obvious thing, in the search for an exact date, is to look for similar work on bookbindings. The letters ER combined with the Royal Arms and the Tudor Rose naturally suggest Elizabeth I, but the style of Elizabethan binding, as Mr. Anthony Hobson has pointed out to me, is of a more flamboyant character; consequently, one has to look further back to find a binding which exhibits similar characteristics. These are to be found on certain books once thought to be the work of an anonymous French binder, but now, after further research during the past thirty years, confidently ascribed to the English bindery which bound books for both Edward VI and

are fairly familiar. There is one of painted wood, for example, in the Victoria and Albert Museum bearing the arms of Henry VIII, and one is tempted, and perhaps justified, in suggesting it was made for his personal use. One is tempted to suggest also that this more elaborate writing-cabinet upon which the Royal bindery has lavished so much pains was made specifically for the scholarly and delicate boy king. The point is of no particular importance, but perhaps we should also consider the possibility that several other similar boxes, no less well furnished, might have been made for the use of the great officers of state—the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, and so forth—much as nowadays leather despatch cases bearing the Royal Arms are issued to Whitehall. The Court was frequently

progressed; nothing easier than to make a slight mistake. There is, though, another which some may prefer, though I find it too far-fetched. This is that the cabinet was put in hand before the death of Henry VIII in 1543, was originally intended for him and was actually being made when he died. The chances of other similar pieces turning up embellished with such distinguished bookbinding work?—very remote indeed. Within a generation or so this sort of thing would no doubt become shabby and worn, the outer covering would be discarded. This one's survival can be ascribed to the mere chance of it having been left in an obscure corner unnoticed. Visitors to the Bath Festival will be able to see it at the exhibition in the Octagon Room, which opened on May 29 and continues until June 7.



OPENED TO SHOW THE FINE-TOOLED LEATHERWORK ON THE WRITING-TABLE AND DRAWERS: THE RARE TUDOR TRAVELLING WRITING COFFER DISCUSSED IN THIS ARTICLE BY FRANK DAVIS. THIS FINE PIECE IS TO BE SEEN IN THE ART TREASURES EXHIBITION AT THE BATH FESTIVAL.

(Height, when closed, 21 ins.; width, 30 ins.) (Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. S. W. Wolsey.)

THE LIVERPOOL
BLUE COAT
SCHOOL'S 250TH
ANNIVERSARY:
VIEWS OF THE
OLD AND PRESENT
SCHOOL.

THE Liverpool Blue Coat School, the oldest of the schools of Liverpool, was founded in 1708, and to mark the 250th anniversary the Old Blues, as the Old Boys are known, are to present the School with a set of Ceremonial Gates. The presentation will take place to-day, May 31, and will be performed by the President of the Old Blues. Preceding the presentation there will be a service in the Chapel. The Gates are to be dedicated by the Lord Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Clifford A. Martin, and opened by Major C. V. R. Blundell-Hollinshead Blundell, a direct descendant of the Founder.

(Right.)

THE HOME OF THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL UNTIL 1906: BLUECOAT CHAMBERS, A FINE EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING, NOW OWNED BY THE BLUECOAT SOCIETY OF ARTS.



THE SCHOOL BOARD ROOM, WHICH CONTAINS SHERATON, CHIPPENDALE AND HEPPLEWHITE FURNITURE FROM THE BOARD ROOM IN THE OLD SCHOOL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



1708 TO 1958: THE LIVERPOOL BLUE COAT SCHOOL TO-DAY—A VIEW OF THE CLOCK TOWER, EAST FRONT AND CHAPEL.

The Old Boys of the Liverpool Blue Coat School, who are known as Old Blues, are marking the School's 250th anniversary by making a presentation of a set of Ceremonial Gates. The presentation, dedication and opening of the Gates are to take place to-day, May 31. They will be situated opposite the building shown to the right in the above drawing—the administration block—at a point to the left of the scene shown, and there they will make an impressive

entrance to the School from the road. The Clock Tower, which rises above the administration building, was the gift of the late Right Honourable Lord Brocket in 1915. In the background can be seen the shallow dome of the Chapel. The Chapel contains another gift to the School from the Old Blues, the oak pews, which were presented in 1938 to commemorate the centenary of the founding of their Society.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



AT A SCHOOL CELEBRATING ITS 250TH ANNIVERSARY: A SERVICE IN THE LIVERPOOL BLUE COAT SCHOOL CHAPEL.

Two fine and notable features of the Liverpool Blue Coat School, which this year celebrates its 250th anniversary, are the Chapel and the Assembly Hall. The beautiful Memorial Chapel was erected by T. Fenwick Harrison, Esq., in memory of his late wife. It contains interesting Biblical sculpture on the pillars, and oak pews which were the gift of the Old Boys in 1938. The main Assembly Hall was provided from funds left by Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Shirley,

a School Governor and generous benefactor. Another fine building associated with the School is Bluecoat Chambers, standing in School Lane, Church Street, Liverpool. This is a fine early eighteenth-century building, possibly designed by Thomas Ripley, to which the School moved some years after its foundation in 1708 by Bryan Blundell. The School moved to its present site at Wavertree, further from the city centre, in 1906.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



SHIRLEY HALL, THE MAIN ASSEMBLY ROOM OF THE SCHOOL, DURING A CHOIR PRACTICE: A VIEW SHOWING THE "FATHER WILLIS" ORGAN.

THE Liverpool Blue Coat School is claimed to be the oldest school in Liverpool, and was founded in 1708 by Bryan Blundell, who was helped by Robert Stythe, a Rector of Liverpool and the School's first Treasurer. The School was at first a small day school, but expanded to some 300 boarding pupils after moving early in the eighteenth century to the fine building, now known as Bluecoat Chambers, where it stayed until moving to its present site in 1906. Post-war difficulties led to assistance from the Liverpool Education Committee and the Director of Education, and in 1949 the School became a Voluntary Aided Grammar-Modern school, and girl pupils were no longer taught. The Day School is conducted by the Liverpool Education Authority, while the boarding establishment remains under the control of the Governors and Trustees.



(Right.)
THE METALWORK SHOP: BOYS OF THE MIDDLE SCHOOL DOING LATHEWORK, BLACKSMITHING AND OTHER TASKS. THERE IS A GENERAL COURSE, AND MORE ADVANCED WORK IS DONE BY SENIOR BOYS.

THE LIVERPOOL BLUE COAT SCHOOL'S 250TH ANNIVERSARY: VIEWS OF SHIRLEY HALL AND THE METALWORK SHOP.

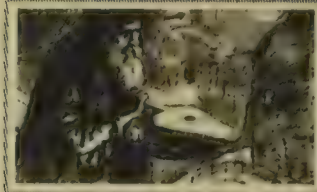
Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



SAILING-SHIP AS FILM STAR: A CADET BEING TRANSFERRED FROM THE THREE-MASTED SQUARE-RIGGED NORWEGIAN SAILING-SHIP *CHRISTIAN RADICH* TO A U.S. DESTROYER, IN A SCENE FROM THE "CINEMIRACLE" FILM "WINDJAMMER."

The heroine of the Rank Organisation's and Cinemiracle International's first "Cinemiracle" production, "Windjammer," weighs 676 tons and has an overall length of 214 ft. She is the Norwegian three-masted square-rigged sailing-ship *Christian Radich*, which made a 17,500-mile voyage from Oslo for the shooting of the film. Produced by Louis de Rochemont, and with a script written by Captain Alan J. Villiers, "Windjammer" follows the adventures of Norwegian naval cadets on board the training ship, and takes

the vessel to the Caribbean, where she joins in exercises with the U.S. Navy. This spectacular travelogue is in colour and is shown at the Odeon Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on a new screen with a width of 146 degrees and a height of 55 degrees, thus nearly achieving the maximum range of the human vision. This new wide-screen technique entails filming by three cameras, and incorporates a seven-channel transistor *Hi-Fi* sound system. The film includes a short sequence of the famous 'cellist, Pablo Casals, playing Schubert.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DISCUSSION ON CATS' "TIME-SENSE."

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

MY story, a few weeks ago, of a supposed time-sense in a cat has brought an interesting batch of letters, some of which I feel are worth passing on. Their contents are sufficiently varied for me to believe that they probably represent, the one or the other, the thoughts of those who read the original story. In addition, they add material for discussion. The first to be quoted reads: "... I feel sure that something happens in that house on the dustman's day, something like brushing

out from under the cupboard and sit her on the window-sill so that she could watch the proceedings. At first she was frightened but soon seemed to take quite an interest. Unfortunately, I have not been able to observe if this 'treatment' has had any effect.

"My own feeling is that the behaviour is not due to a 'time-sense' as the cat is not affected on the days when there should be a collection but there has been some delay, but on days when the actual collection takes place. Possibly the thumping in the distance, not obvious to us, affects the animal. It may, however, be due to smell. I cannot think of any other reasons. As quite loud noises such as coal or gravel deliveries do not affect our cat, I am rather inclined to suggest smell as the prime reason."

Another correspondent comes out strongly for smell as the operative factor: "Could a possible explanation of the cat's behaviour be due to the frequent collection by dust-carts of dead cats (and dogs), which the owners cannot bury? These are taken away by the dustmen and put into sacks, often to be seen hanging on the back of the dust-lorries. At the R.S.P.C.A. Dogs' and Cats' Home

at Colchester, where many dogs and cats are taken for destruction or destroyed as unclaimed, the dustmen regularly collect the bodies—it is a recognised method of dealing with them. Animals have almost 'psychic' knowledge and fear of the dead of their kind, no doubt due to their greatly developed sense of smell. Cats are no doubt as much, if not more, developed in these senses than are dogs. I have known dogs to refuse to pass a place where a dog had been killed days before, unknown to them. The cat might, if the wind was favourable, smell the presence of dead cats on the dust-lorry which would explain its 'knowing' the day of the week once the lorry came on its collecting rounds, or else, have two or three times smelt dead cats, association of ideas might bring back the horror when it saw the dustbins being put out for collection. Cattle and sheep will stampede in terror if they smell the blood of their own kind just slaughtered."

My last selection reads: "Before retiring to this cottage I lived in a large country house, very isolated, and among my duties was the care of the Labrador who was great friends with one of my cats. Pym never seemed to be aware of the monthly dustmen's visit unless he was around when the cats came in in their usual tizzy. Then he would start barking and keep that up until

the call had been duly made. That is, in the intervals of obeying my orders to shut up. All this flap would start about half an hour before the dustmen called and while they certainly could not have been on our road; we weren't that far away from neighbours. Nor did the cats hunt far from the kitchen garden and there were plenty of the usual farm lorries going down the road; the milk lorries being even noisier in travelling than the dustcart.

"After I retired and came to this cottage the cats' main trouble was the sanitary unit that calls once a week. Pangur is usually the first in, about three-quarters of an hour before the lorry arrives. She takes up her station on the window-sill and obviously worries, giving little calls, until Peachie arrives. Then she dashes up to the truant and gives her a bunt to which Peachie replies briefly and begins her 'tizzy-walk' as I call it. I shut the cottage door, which produces evident satisfaction, but affectionate responses are brief and absent-minded. Finally, Peachie dives into my bedroom and hides in the bed, her refuge in all times of stress. Pangur mounts guard on the window-sill, craning her neck in the direction from which the lorry will come. Not until she hears it down the lane does she leave to take refuge in the desk cupboard near my knee. Both cats growl continuously during the visit. Once the lorry has gone, all is well.

"During the blizzard we were snowed-up, so the unit could not reach us on its normal Wednesday. Neither cat displayed any worry that day, though Pangur kept watch for a bit from the window-sill. However, the unit came round on the following Tuesday when the roads had been freed. Both cats were out but came in about 2.30 p.m. in a flap, rather to my surprise. I thought



A PUNCTUAL FEEDER: DR. BURTON'S OWN CAT ENJOYING A BOWL OF MILK. NOTE THE CONTINUOUS STREAM OF MILK DRAWN UP BY THE RAPID ACTION OF THE CAT'S TONGUE.

out the hall, counting out the washing or some simple household chore, that the cat when young got mixed up in and then the dustman came soon after and may have done something. Or, as a teething kitten, it may have hidden behind the dustbin. I cannot think the cat knew Tuesday without aid."

Mrs. Ryder, from whom I had the original story, had all along kept in mind the possibility of some regular Tuesday routine or chore which might give the signal to the cat. In my discussions with her we went over this aspect fairly thoroughly and there appeared to be nothing that might give a day-signal, so to speak. However, there is always room for a mistake, or the overlooking of an obscure action or event that might give the cat a clue.

A second letter expresses a similar scepticism: "... may I cautiously suggest that the faculty involved was not a time-sense but hearing. Years ago, my cat would hear the dustman four roads away and when the sharpest human ears could catch no sound. I think this is borne out by the cats who went to the air-raid shelters at the same period before a raid but not the same time every night."

The next letter continues in much this same vein but, in addition, gives a piece of experimental evidence: "At my home our neighbour's cat, half-Siamese, has virtually adopted our house due to the arrival of a kitten in her own house. During the last few months we have noticed her most peculiar behaviour on Tuesday. She is normally quite calm but some time near midday she becomes restless and disappears in a cupboard, under a bed or under a stool. One time she 'disappeared' completely in our closed breakfast-room. We found she had got into the works of the refrigerator and seemed terrified when we took her out. After these episodes the dustmen invariably arrive, and some time after their departure she emerges and soon settles down again to her normal routine.

"We were so surprised by her behaviour that we asked her owner, who is a vet., whether she had ever been frightened by the dustmen or, maybe, even shut up in a dustbin; but he said that nothing like that had ever happened to her. As the cat you mention, she is not frightened when we rattle the dustbins. The last week of the vacation, I wanted to try an experiment. The dustmen were coming on Wednesday, due to Easter delays, and, of course, Puss became very restless on the Wednesday. I managed to get her



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE COWS: A CAT THAT ALWAYS GOES TO THE MILKING SHED ON A FARM. IT IS VERY PUNCTUAL BUT IS DOUBTLESS GUIDED BY ROUTINE SOUNDS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

of a fox, since the reactions were not those of a stray, unfriendly dog (Pangur is large and has technique for them). By three, both cats were in their hiding-places and shortly after the unit arrived. I know the route it takes and roughly how long it will be at the various groups of cottages. These three cottages lie at the extreme limit of the run before the lorry turns round to go back to Maldon. Before it gets to us it makes only one call within half a mile from here and that is at a pair of cottages five minutes' lorry run from these. The intervening houses are all large and not attended to by the council."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



(Left.)
AN ENGLISH FILM ACTOR: THE LATE MR. RONALD COLMAN. Mr. Ronald Colman, the film actor, died in California on May 19, aged sixty-seven. After serving in the British Army in World War I, he went to the U.S., where he early made his reputation. Thereafter he went from success to success, starring in such films as "Lost Horizon," "Random Harvest," and "A Double Life." He never gave up his British nationality.



THE GREEK GENERAL ELECTION: MEMBERS OF THE NEW KARAMANLIS GOVERNMENT AFTER THE SWEARING-IN CEREMONY.

Mr. Karamanlis' National Radical Union Party was again returned to power, following the Greek General Election on May 11. The party now controls 171 seats out of 300 in Parliament. A notable result of the election is that the E.D.A., as the banned Communist Party is known, became the chief Opposition party. In the group above, Mr. Karamanlis, the Prime Minister (without glasses), is at the centre, Mr. Averoff, Minister for Foreign Affairs, is at the right in the back row, and on either side of the Prime Minister in the front row are Mr. Adrianopoulos, Under-Secretary for Mercantile Marine (left), and Mr. Georgacopoulos, the outgoing "Caretaker" Prime Minister.

(Right.)
A GREAT AMERICAN JOURNALIST DIES: MR. ELMER DAVIS. Mr. Elmer Davis, who died in Washington on May 18 at the age of sixty-eight, had long held a leading place among American journalists. After some ten years with the *New York Times*, he became a freelance. In 1939 he started his famous news broadcasts and later became Director of the Office of War Information. His last notable campaign was against McCarthyism.



(Left.)
APPOINTED HIGH COMMISSIONER IN SOUTH AFRICA: SIR JOHN MAUD.

Sir John Maud, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Power since 1952, has been appointed High Commissioner for Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland in succession to Sir Percivale Liesching, who is retiring. Sir John, who is fifty-two and has long been interested in Africa, will take up the appointment next January.

(Right.)
A WELL-KNOWN RACING DRIVER: THE LATE MR. W. A. SCOTT-BROWN.

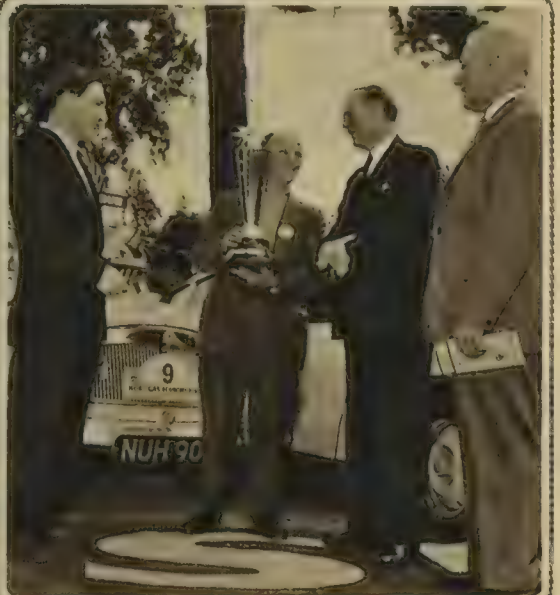
Mr. Archie Scott-Brown, the well-known racing driver, died on May 19, aged thirty-one, from injuries received in the Spa Grand Prix motor race on the previous day. He began his racing career in 1950, and first came to prominence in 1954, when he won several British races. Last year Mr. Scott-Brown had an outstandingly successful season.



IN NEW YORK: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY WAVING GOOD-BYE. During his visit to the United States, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Deputy Supreme Commander in Europe, attended two dinners in New York on May 20. Afterwards, the President and Lord Montgomery flew to Washington. Lord Montgomery stayed at the White House, and met the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff.



AFTER HIS INVITATION TO ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS TO ATTEND THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT A PRESS MEETING. At a Press conference in London on May 22, the Archbishop of Canterbury said that no political significance attaches to his invitation to Archbishop Makarios to attend the opening of Lambeth Conference and that Government departments had been told of the invitation well in advance.



THE BRITISH MOBILGAS ECONOMY RUN: THE OUTRIGHT WINNER, MR. G. HEAPS, WITH HIS LARGE TROPHY. George Heaps, of Cardiff, third from right above, was, with his co-driver, the outright winner of the British Mobilgas Economy Run, and also won Class IV. He drove a Standard *Sportsman* achieving 40.02 m.p.g. The event, which is international, finished at Ascot on May 18. Foreign makes took the honours in all the other classes.



A PORTRAIT OF LORD NUFFIELD PRESENTED TO THE R.A.C.: LORD NUFFIELD, MR. WILFRID ANDREWS AND MR. F. J. MINNS (RIGHT). A portrait of Lord Nuffield, the great car pioneer, was presented to the Royal Automobile Club, London, on May 22. The portrait was presented by Lord Nuffield's nephew, Mr. F. J. Minns, and received by Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, Chairman of the R.A.C. The painting is by Mr. Arthur Mills.



AT A COMMISSIONING CEREMONY: THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR (CENTRE) AND NAVAL OFFICERS. An anti-submarine air squadron for the German Federal Navy was commissioned at Eglington Royal Naval Air Station on May 20. Seen here in front of a Fairey *Gannet* aircraft are (l. to r.): Lt.-Com. Schoepke, Captain Gaul, Herr von Herwarth, Vice-Admiral Couchman, Flag Officer Air (Home), and Vice-Admiral Ruge, Inspector-General of the Federal Navy.



AT MANSION HOUSE: THE LORD MAYOR OF SYDNEY (L.) BEING SHOWN A MODEL OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE BY LONDON'S LORD MAYOR. The Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman Harry Jenson, arrived in London on May 21 to investigate methods of local government. On May 22 he went to Mansion House to visit the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denis Truscott. Alderman Jenson, who visited the World Fair in Brussels before coming to England, was to spend a week in London.

THE NEW LOOK AT THE R.A.: "MODERN" WORKS IN THE SUMMER EXHIBITION.



"SUMMER": A LARGE COMPOSITION BY MARY FEDDEN, WHO STUDIED AT THE SLADE SCHOOL AND HAS EXHIBITED WIDELY IN LONDON.



"SUNDAY MORNING (NO. 1)," BY JAMES E. BOSWELL, WHOSE TWO PAINTINGS ARE AMONG THE MOST ABSTRACT IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"NELL SANDFORD, JOHN BRATBY AND DAVID BRATBY": ONE OF THE THREE LARGE AND DOMINATING PAINTINGS WHICH JOHN BRATBY HAS IN THE SUMMER EXHIBITION.



"NELL AND JEREMY SANDFORD": A PAINTING BY JOHN BRATBY WHICH WAS ALSO SHOWN IN THE JOHN MOORES LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION LAST YEAR.



"TABLE AND WINDOW," BY ROY ABELL. THIS IS ONE OF THE LARGE PAINTINGS HUNG ABOVE THE SCULPTURE IN THE CENTRAL HALL.



"RODRIGO": A LARGE COLOURED WOOD-CARVING BY WILLI SOUKOP, WHO IS SHOWING TWO SCULPTURES.



"GARDEN IN PARADISE," BY MICHAEL EDMONDS: ANOTHER OF THE LARGE AND COLOURFUL PAINTINGS IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

A NOTABLE feature of this year's Royal Academy Summer Exhibition (from which we reproduced an earlier selection of paintings in our issue of May 3) is that the Hanging Committee has taken the step of dispersing the more "modern" works throughout the whole of the exhibition. In previous years this element of the Summer Exhibition has been largely confined to Galleries VII and VIII, and has also been somewhat [Continued opposite.

[Continued.] smaller in quantity. Some of the "modern" works are shown on these two pages, and it will quickly be realised that hanging them side by side with the conventional paintings usually associated with the Summer Exhibition has given a considerable "new look" to the Royal Academy. Even Gallery III has its share of such works, and here, as elsewhere throughout the exhibition, there are numerous striking contrasts. Raymond Coxon's [Continued opposite.

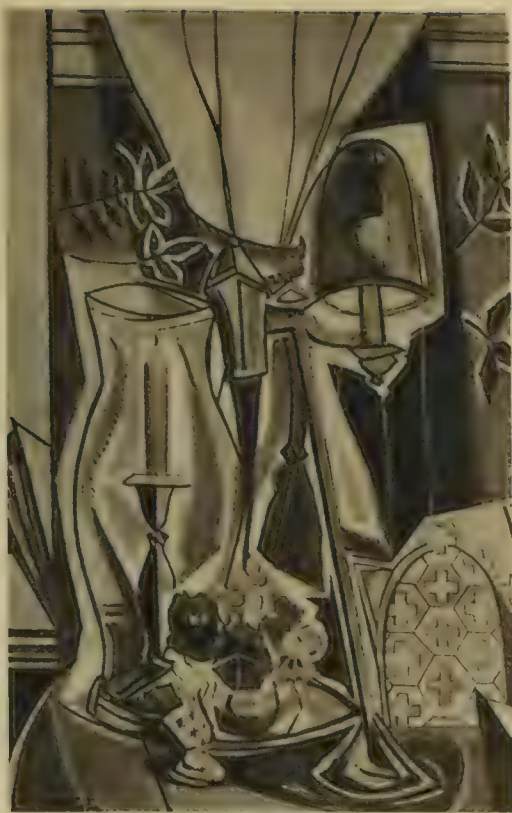
THE NEW LOOK AT THE R.A.: A SELECTION OF PAINTINGS.



"SPANISH MOUNTAIN," BY ALISTAIR GRANT, WHO HAS THREE PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION. HE STUDIED AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART.



"THE MODEL-MAKERS": AN EFFECTIVELY ANGULAR COMPOSITION BY NORMAN C. BLAMEY.



"STUDIO STILL-LIFE": ONE OF THREE PAINTINGS BY ROY DE MAISTRE, WHO WAS BORN IN AUSTRALIA AND STUDIED IN SYDNEY AND PARIS.



"FLOWERS ON A CHAIR," BY ADRIAN RYAN. HIS ONLY EXHIBIT, IT HAS BEEN PURCHASED FOR THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.



"BOURNE END," BY RAYMOND COXON, WHO HAS BEEN SHOWING FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. THIS HANGS IN GALLERY III.



"THE COCKATOOS," BY WILLIAM ROBERTS, WHO WAS ELECTED A.R.A. AT THE END OF APRIL. THIS PAINTING WAS ALSO PURCHASED FOR THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.



"VICTORY," BY JOHN ARMSTRONG, WHO IS REPRESENTED IN THE TATE GALLERY AND HAS THREE WORKS IN THIS SUMMER EXHIBITION.



"BOATS AT REST": A VERY COLOURFUL PAINTING BY PHOEBUS TUTTNAUER, WHICH IS HUNG IN GALLERY V.

Continued.]
"Bourne End," for instance, hangs close to one of Sir Alfred Munnings' racecourse scenes. All three John Bratby's are large and powerful, and his "Nell and Jeremy Sandford" holds a dominating place in Gallery III. It is interesting to note that in their reversal of the earlier policy the Hanging

Committee have chosen Gallery VII—the traditional stronghold of the *avant-garde*—for the exhibition of John R. Merton's A Award winning portrait of Lady Dalkeith. Despite the bus strike, attendance at the Summer Exhibition has been up to average, and the sales also have been good.

FROM TELEPHONES TO A NEW SPORTS CAR: VARYING ASPECTS OF SOME RECENT BRITISH ACHIEVEMENTS.



TO BE AVAILABLE NEXT SPRING: A TELEPHONE, IN A CHOICE OF SEVEN COLOURS, OF NEW DESIGN AND OF IMPROVED TECHNICAL PERFORMANCE. THE NEW INSTRUMENT WILL COST £5.



RECENTLY BROUGHT INTO PRODUCTION: THE REED PAPER GROUP'S NEW NORTH BOARD MILL, THATCHAM, BERKS., SEEN FROM THE AIR. The North Board Mill, at Thatcham, Berks., is one of the world's most advanced paper board mills. A self-contained unit, the new mill is capable of producing a continuous highway of board, 110 ins. wide and 160 miles long, every day, mainly for the folding carton industry.



A NEW TAPE-RECORDER WHICH WEIGHS ONLY 20 LB.: THE GRUNDIG TK 20, WHICH IS REALLY PORTABLE, COSTS FIFTY GUINEAS COMPLETE WITH MICROPHONE AND 1200 FT. OF LONG-PLAYING TAPE WHICH GIVES AN OVERALL PLAYING TIME OF MORE THAN TWO HOURS.

(Right.) MINUS THE FAMILIAR "A" AND "B" BUTTONS: THE NEW "PAY-ON-ANSWER" COIN-BOX TELEPHONE ON WHICH A CALLER WILL BE ABLE TO DIAL TRUNK AND LOCAL CALLS.

Steps designed to make telephone calls cheaper were announced by the Postmaster-General, Mr. Marples, in the House of Commons on May 21. Later the new-style private telephone (on left) and a new type of coin-box for kiosks were demonstrated at the General Post Office in the City. The call-box has no "buttons" but it has slots for three-penny pieces and for six-pences and shillings. Callers will be able to get through to distant parts of the country by dialling special codes before the usual telephone number. The new "pay-on-answer" coin-box provides for connection to be established with the person wanted before any coins are inserted by the caller.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE M.V. JOHN ASHLEY FOR THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN: A VIEW OF THOSE ATTENDING THE CEREMONY AT JOHN I. THORNYCROFT'S HAMPTON-ON-THAMES BOATYARD.

On May 19 the 75-ft. Motor Vessel *John Ashley* for The Missions to Seamen was launched at Hampton-on-Thames. Our photograph shows the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Kensington with, next to him, left, H. E. the Portuguese Ambassador. Right, centre, is Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale, and next to her (right), is Lieut.-Commander J. W. Thornycroft.



AN EXCITING NEW BRITISH SPORTS CAR: THE AUSTIN HEALEY SPRITE WHICH OFFERS 80-M.P.H. MOTORING COMBINED WITH A REMARKABLE ROAD-HOLDING PERFORMANCE. Britain has entered the market in fast little sports cars with the Austin Healey *Sprite* which costs only £668 17s. including purchase tax. It is powered by a special 948 c.c. British Motor Corporation A-type engine which is used in the baby A.35 Austin saloon, but in the *Sprite* it has been adapted to develop 42.5 brake horse-power.

TRADITION AND PROGRESS IN THE R.A.: THE QUEEN AT WOOLWICH.



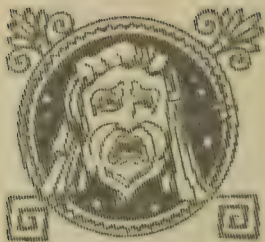
WITH HER MAJESTY TAKING THE SALUTE: THE RIDE-PAST OF THE KING'S TROOP, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, ON THE FRONT PARADE.



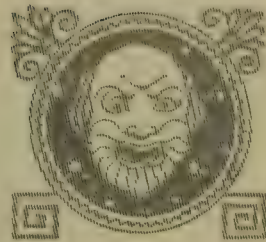
TOURING THE DISPLAY OF EQUIPMENT IN A LAND-ROVER: THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE CORPORAL (LEFT) AND THUNDERBIRD GUIDED MISSILES.

On May 22 the Queen, as Captain-General of the Royal Artillery, visited the Woolwich depot, where she saw a display of equipment which is now in service, and some which is still being developed. As her Majesty arrived, trumpeters of the Royal Artillery Band, standing on top of the South Arch high above the Front Parade, sounded a fanfare. This was followed by a 21-gun Royal Salute by The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery. After inspecting a guard of honour drawn from the 3rd Regiment, Royal Horse

Artillery, the Queen, accompanied by Major-General R. G. S. Hobbs, Director of the Royal Artillery, drove round the display of equipment in a *Land-Rover*. In the static exhibition the Queen saw a *Corporal*, the surface-to-surface missile, and a *Thunderbird*, the British mobile surface-to-air guided missile. The Queen also saw a panoramic representation of the layout and firing of a typical *Thunderbird* unit. Before leaving, her Majesty had luncheon in the Royal Artillery Mess. The display was later opened to the public.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



ACTRESS AND SAILING-SHIP

By ALAN DENT.

THE rise of Eva Lovelace to stardom on Broadway is rapid, and the voyage of the sailing-ship *Christian Radich* is slow; and one way and another I cannot see that the two new films called "Stage Struck" and "Windjammer" have anything whatsoever in common. Let us look into it.

Eva is a shrill, eager, talkative, pretty little girl from Vermont who storms Broadway. She is still in her teens, but she has devastated her hometown already with Ibsen's *Nora* and *Hedda*, and Chekov's *Nina*, and Shakespeare's *Portia* and *Juliet*. Leaving her home-town to recover from these onslaughts, she descends upon New York and at once penetrates to the inner office of a famous theatre-manager called Lewis Easton who recognises the type at a glance and says:—"Go away, there's a good girl!" But before going away she introduces herself to a nice old actor called Robert Hedges and a nice up-and-coming young dramatist called Joe Sheridan. Likewise she enters the ken of a spoiled and celebrated actress of English origin called Rita Vernon who is to appear in Sheridan's new play under Easton's management.

Is the story going to be as trite and obvious as we anticipate at the outset? Is Rita going to step out of her new part in a tantrum? Is Hedges, the old actor, going to advise Eva Lovelace to hang around on the chance of such an eventuality? Is Sheridan the dramatist going to fall in love with the girl, and is Easton going to ply her with champagne and keep her talking about herself till dawn and long after all his other guests have gone? All these things duly and expectedly happen, and we are wondering where we have seen it all before when our weary eye falls on a credit-line, "From a play by Zoe Akins," and we remember a quarter-century ago a film called "Morning Glory" of

and an amusingly blasé one by Herbert Marshall as the Broadway-wise old actor who still remembers enough of the part of Romeo to give Eva her cues in the balcony-scene. It has the promising screen-début of Christopher Plummer who plays Sheridan (and was last seen as Shakespeare's Henry V at Edinburgh, the Festival before last),

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



SUSAN STRASBERG, WHO STARS AS EVA LOVELACE IN R.K.O.'S "STAGE STRUCK."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Susan Strasberg is my choice for the fortnight, but I choose her more for her striking prettiness than for any striking talent she displays in 'Stage Struck' (directed by Sidney Lumet). Regrettably I missed a previous film appearance—in 'Picnic'—and I should have to see her in something else before discovering that the strident voice she uses throughout this new film is the only one she possesses. In this film she is, as the Americans say, easy on the eye—much easier on the eye than on the ear."

and the latest and almost the best ever performance of Henry Fonda who plays the beguiling manager and who, through the years, has become a very expressive film-actor indeed. Rightly parted as here (and not wrongly parted as in "War and Peace") the cinema has no better player.

The only flaw in the amber is the so-called new Hepburn, a vividly pretty little actress called Susan Strasberg. Half my colleagues hail this phenomenon with the same highly improbable enthusiasm of those jaded Broadwayites acclaiming Eva Lovelace's Juliet when the drink was running dry. But the other half, with me included, think that Miss Strasberg displays far less talent than she needs for such a part. Not only is her voice almost intolerably strident. She phrases Juliet's lines without intelligence or illumination or rapture, and her delivery of two lyrics of Housman and Poe would hardly pass muster in a schoolgirl from Vermont or from anywhere else. There may be some subtle intention in her doing these things particularly badly. But, speaking for myself, I have the impression that Miss

Strasberg could not speak them better if she tried or if she knew how. All the same, she is appealingly pretty enough to make us want to know what is going to happen to her. Now and again she achieves the beautiful poise of Claire Bloom, and once or twice she treats us to a smile as ravishing as that of the young Garbo when she played Gosta Berling.

The sailing-ship called *Christian Radich* is not only the heroine of "Windjammer," but practically the only thing resembling the other sex in this lengthy and inflated documentary about life aboard a Norwegian full-rigged, three-masted barque—if "barque" be correct, which I doubt. That beautiful but half-forgotten poet, Robert Bridges, once asked the question:—

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?

The answer in Louis de Rochemont's huge spectacular film is—to Madeira all the way from Oslo, and then to the West Indies where we join the American Navy in exercises. Ashore we have some odd adventures—we not only sing and dance calypsos, but we even hear Casals play the 'cello for a minute and a half. But most of the time—far too much of the time for me—we are at sea with some fifty Norwegian cadets—jolly in the sedate Norwegian way—learning all about seamanship. One of them is practising Grieg's Concerto on the ship's piano—and a little of that goes a long way, too.

If I seem a little impatient with "Windjammer"—rather more so than the beauty of the ship itself should warrant—it is because: (1) it is filmed and screened in yet another new process, called "Cinemiracle," bigger and wider and more colourful than any process hitherto devised, and because (2) I am beginning to find all these processes—desperately devised, they tell me, as counter-weapons in the battle against television—a quite serious strain upon my eyesight (which has



NORWEGIAN NAVAL CADETS EXPERIENCE THEIR FIRST DAY ON THE RIGGING OF *CHRISTIAN RADICH*: A SCENE FROM "WINDJAMMER"—LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT'S PRODUCTION IN THE NEW "CINEMIRACLE" TECHNIQUE. (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, MAY 14.)

the selfsame origin in which a little girl (most vividly played by a newcomer called Katharine Hepburn) stormed Broadway, was turned out of offices, grew bold on champagne at a party, recited one of Juliet's balcony speeches, was hailed as a great actress on the strength of it, and duly arrived at the top of the ladder by way of the rungs of love, seduction, and expediency.

It is quite possible that "Stage Struck" will repeat the success of "Morning Glory." It is strikingly well directed by Sidney Lumet (who made the not easily forgotten "Twelve Angry Men"). It has an amusingly tempestuous performance by Joan Greenwood as the spoiled actress,



"STAGE STRUCK"—THE SCENE IN WHICH EVA LOVELACE (SUSAN STRASBERG) DECLAIMS JULIET'S BALCONY SPEECHES AT A FIRST NIGHT PARTY IN NEW YORK. ALSO STARRING IN THIS FILM ARE JOAN GREENWOOD AND HENRY FONDA. (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, MAY 15.)

never, until these last few months, given me any trouble of any sort).

By the way, a connection between "Stage Struck" and "Windjammer" occurs to me at the very last moment. The heroine of "Stage Struck" wins her unlikely victory in New York, and the film was wholly made there—its street-scenes being its greatest virtue. The heroine of "Windjammer," i.e., the lovely ship herself, finally ends up in New York likewise. The film, when it does so, goes quite mad with some crazy shots all happening on three different screens at once—or rather three distinct sections of the same gigantic screen. This, if you are in the least like me, will add vertigo to your impaired vision.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"TEACHER'S PET" (Paramount. Generally Released: May 19).—That shaggy but endearing old dog, Clark Gable, partners delightful Doris Day in a fairly conventional but reasonably amusing comedy.
"SEVEN HILLS OF ROME" (M.-G.-M. Generally Released: May 19).—That popular tenor, Mario Lanza, sings his way through a comedy whose chief merit is its Roman setting.
"TOUCH OF EVIL" (Rank. Generally Released: May 26).—A drama, always murky and often incoherent, but redeemed by having more than a touch of Orson Welles as a heavyweight and sinister policeman.

"RAINTREE COUNTY": THE STARS AND SCENES FROM THE FILM OF THE NOVEL.



A SPECTACULAR SCENE FROM M.-G.-M.'S FILM VERSION OF "RAINTREE COUNTY," THE NOVEL BY ROSS LOCKRIDGE, JR.: THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA (1863).



A CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA: ANOTHER CIVIL WAR SCENE FROM "RAINTREE COUNTY," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY EDWARD DMYTRYK.



EXCHANGING GIFTS: JOHN SHAWNESSY (MONTGOMERY CLIFT) AND NELL GAITHER (EVA MARIE SAINT).



MAKING "GENERAL SHERMAN'S NECKTIES" BY BENDING RAILS, HEATED OVER BURNING TIES, ROUND TREE TRUNKS: UNION TROOPS PULLING UP A RAILROAD TO STOP THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE.



THEIR FIRST MEETING: SUSANNA DRAKE (ELIZABETH TAYLOR) WITH JOHN SHAWNESSY.



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA: SOME OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S TROOPS ARE BRIEFED FOR THE FAMOUS MARCH TO THE SEA.



ENTERING THE SMOULDERING RUINS OF ATLANTA: GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY, JOHN SHAWNESSY AMONG THEM, MUSTER FOR THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

Set in the era before and during the American Civil War—a period of which the events and fashions are strikingly recorded in contemporary issues of *The Illustrated London News*—"Raintree County" tells the story of young John Shawnessy (Montgomery Clift) and the two women in his life, Susanna Drake (Elizabeth Taylor) and Nell Gaither (Eva Marie Saint). Based on the

well-known novel of the same name by Ross Lockridge, Jr., the film, which is in Technicolor, is the first to have been made with the new M.-G.-M. Camera 65. Directed by Edward Dmytryk, it includes some striking scenes of notable events in the American Civil War, including the battle of Chickamauga, the taking of Atlanta, and General Sherman's march to the sea.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

AFTER THE PARTY

By J. C. TREWIN.

FOR reasons beyond my control, I am obliged to write this week of "The Birthday Party," Harold Pinter's play at what we have recently been told to call again the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith: a resounding title.

If that paragraph sounds ungrateful, it is simply because, in any normal week, I would reduce comment on Mr. Pinter's play to the confession that I do not know what it is about: this, too, after sitting through it twice, once in a provincial theatre of remarkable charm, and now at Hammersmith. Perhaps I can quote the late Henry Arthur Jones. He held * that the success of any play depended largely upon a "receptive preparedness" in the audience. "I sauntered one day into a Quaker meeting-house," he said cheerfully, "and found there an accomplished Negro minstrel playing the banjo to an audience of devout Turks who believed themselves to be in the mosque of Saint Sophia. The man played the banjo exquisitely, and the Turks were in a most blessedly receptive condition; but there was an air of irrelevancy about the proceedings. The minstrel complained to me afterwards that he could not get into touch with his audience."

"An air of irrelevancy." That, I think, is the kindest thing to say of Mr. Pinter's piece. When I had met it before on its pre-London tour, the audience was understandably flummoxed, and the surrealist, sub-Ionesco method was less of a shock to me than it was to my Hammersmith neighbours. Even so, the renewed shock was quite severe. Was I unreceptive, unprepared? I don't think so. Memories of my previous experience made me try even harder to get in touch with Mr. Pinter, though the result, alas, was the same.

The trouble, I think, is that the dramatist has been anxious to write here in an extremely modern, ultra-contemporary mood. When I heard the play first I exclaimed "Ionesco!" a few moments after curtain-rise (and felt that the Wedgwood medallions round that delightful theatre turned to look at me oddly). After the first ten minutes it was plain enough that Mr. Pinter was devoted to the Ionesco method, which can seem at first to be a piece of absurdly photographic naturalism, and can then flower suddenly into the macabre.

But I would not be dogmatic for a moment. All I can tell you is that we have a gentle, wistful simpleton (beautifully acted by Beatrix Lehmann) who keeps what is, on the face of it, a boarding-house in a seaside town: a boarding-house with a single permanent guest. He is a hulking oaf (Richard Pearson) who, unpersuasively, has played the piano on the pierhead, and who once in the dimmer past gave a concert at Lower Edmonton. To these enter an extraordinary pair, a Jew (John Slater) and an Irishman (John Stratton), who close in on the lodger with a singular menacing intensity. It is not his birthday, so this is obviously the night for his birthday party; and the party contains what may or may not be a symbolic game of blind-man's-buff. By this time the comedy has changed to, something cruel and bitter. We wait for the cruelty and the bitterness (and the plot) to be resolved during the third act; but nothing whatever is explained, though the author, I dare say, feels that all is perfectly clear. The sun shines outside the extraordinary house—Hutchinson Scott's fantastic design could not well be better—but, for all we have gathered from the play, the curtain descends on a thick grey-flannel mist.

It is the more disturbing because Mr. Pinter is a natural dramatist. He has a quick sense of the stage. He can write

theatrically acute dialogue. The trouble is that he has been quite unable to clarify his play. He may hold that it does not need clarification; that it is the duty of an alert listener to catch every nuance, unravel every thread, accept every suggestion. If so, then I admit my dire failure. I was as baffled by the piece as by the play I saw in London years ago that began, if I remember rightly, in Tibet, and ended in Piccadilly Circus Tube Station, with



"YOUR GUESS ABOUT THE PLAY'S SIGNIFICANCE IS AS GOOD AS, IF NOT BETTER THAN, MINE": "THE BIRTHDAY PARTY" (LYRIC OPERA HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH), SHOWING MEG (BEATRIX LEHMANN) WITH GOLDBERG (JOHN SLATER) IN A SCENE FROM MR. HAROLD PINTER'S PUZZLING PLAY.



"THE TROUBLE, I THINK, IS THAT THE DRAMATIST HAS BEEN ANXIOUS TO WRITE HERE IN AN EXTREMELY MODERN, ULTRA-CONTEMPORARY MOOD": "THE BIRTHDAY PARTY," SHOWING A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) McCANN (JOHN STRATTON), GOLDBERG (JOHN SLATER) AND STANLEY (RICHARD PEARSON).

nothing much to tell us what had chanced on the way.

I have enjoyed the Ionesco plays we have met so far. But "The Birthday Party" is bewildering without being especially enjoyable. We are told

(if I may dig back into what current fashion will regard as the forest primæval) that Barrie did not finish "Shall We Join The Ladies?" because he did not know how to go on after the first act. That was frank, and nobody has ever minded the joke. But Mr. Pinter has insisted upon a beginning, a middle, and an end. Chronologically, I suppose, they are in the right order. Otherwise, all I can add is that your guess about the play's significance is as good as, if not better than, mine. I remember reading, in the autobiography of that much-loved Oxford figure, Dr. Counsell, the story of an early "New Art" painting that consisted merely of the number 32106 painted across a canvas littered with every colour in the palette (flung on, presumably, in the dark, by an artist in a bad temper). Roger Fry explained this in effect: "The picture represents the chaos in the mind of the artist after saying good-bye to a friend; his memory is blank to everything except the number of the engine which carried the friend away."

Very well. In the matter of Mr. Pinter's play, let me say that my memory is now blank to everything except the number of the engine. Or almost everything. It is not blank to the acting: to Miss Lehmann's expression of a frustrated maternal instinct, to Mr. Pearson's boorishness and terror, and to the ventures in the comic-macabre by Mr. Slater and Mr. Stratton. (Had they escaped from somewhere? We shall never know.) Willoughby Gray is pleasantly normal as an elderly deck-chair attendant. Peter Wood has directed with much skill. And, clearly, the owl is a baker's daughter.

I have to report that Julie Wilson has followed Janet Blair in "Bells Are Ringing" at the Coliseum. One must either like this bland and ingenuous musical play a good deal, or not at all. I vote with the Ayes, both for the piece and for Julie Wilson, who brings to the part her own fizzing quality. Jean St. Clair continues to be a quiet delight as the head of the "answering service." I cannot imagine that George Gaynes, the dramatist in the plot, would be another Ionesco, but he is an amusing personage. Let me murmur of "Bells Are Ringing," in another phrase from the Jones essay (with which I began), that it has nothing in common with "a piece commended to me for its masterly avoidance of action, and its masterly exposition of ideas."

Postscript: I hope no one who goes to the admirable exhibition, "The London of Elizabeth I," now at the London Museum, will miss a loan by the Society of Antiquaries. It is—and let me quote, from the splendid brochure by Mr. Martin Holmes, who has arranged the exhibition—

a unique Elizabethan handbill or theatrical poster, the sort of bill that gave the poster its name, being intended not only for distribution by hand but for display on a post outside the theatre. It advertises "the Play, called England's Joy. To be played at the Swan this 6 of November, 1602," and promises

a most elaborate performance—indeed, a pageant rather than a play, with historical episodes from the time of Edward III to that of "England's Joy," i.e., Elizabeth herself, and involving "a great triumph . . . with fighting of twelve Gentlemen at Barriers." It was all organised by an enterprising person named Vennar, who charged eighteenpence or two shillings for admission (a great sum in those days) and tried to make off by water with the money, but was arrested apparently on the river itself. He claimed afterwards that he had intended to present the entertainment as advertised, but had been seized for debt by the bailiffs after the first few lines had been spoken. Be that as it may, the disappointed audience vented its indignation on the fabric of the theatre, tearing up the draperies and smashing or carrying off the furniture.

One does feel like that now and then.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE BIG TICKLE" (Duke of York's).—Yvonne Arnaud and Jack Hulbert in Ronald Millar's comedy. (May 23.)
- "LARGE AS LIFE" (Palladium).—A "revusical." (May 23.)
- "A TASTE OF HONEY" (Theatre Royal, Stratford).—A play by Shelagh Delaney. (May 27.)
- "THE PARTY" (New).—Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester return to the London theatre. (May 28.)
- "DILLON" (Comedy).—Transference of John Osborne and Anthony Creighton's play, re-titled. (May 29.)

* In a dedicatory essay to "The Divine Gift" (Duckworth, 1913).

HAIRSTYLES IN ANGOLA: COIFFURES CREATED WITH MUD AND BEADS.



AN ORNATE HAIRSTYLE FROM PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA: A WOMAN OF THE MUINGAS TRIBE WHOSE HAIR IS SET WITH MUD AND DECORATED WITH BEADS.

AFRICA is a continent of many strange traditions and customs, which have survived despite the constant pressure of European influences. Fortunately in Africa there is none of the uniformity of dress which is now so evident in Europe, and great contrast can be found in the different customs of each tribe or region. In the vast area of Portuguese West Africa, also known as Angola, the women and girls of many tribes wear the most intricate and ornate coiffures,

[Continued opposite.]

(Right.) AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S IN ANGOLA: A GIRL OF THE M'HUMBE TRIBE NEARS THE END OF HER APPOINTMENT.



OVERDUE FOR HER HAIRDRESSER'S APPOINTMENT! THIS WOMAN'S INTRICATE COIFFURE WILL SOON BE RE-SET WITH FRESH MUD AND REDECORATED WITH FURTHER BEADS.

[Continued.]

such as the ones illustrated on this page. These women must spend long hours at the hairdresser's, which, as our central photograph shows, provides none of the comforts of the European hairdressing saloon. Nor does the Angolan hairdresser have any modern aids for her work. Her normal equipment consists only of an old comb and a razor made of bone. To set the hair in place she uses mud, and to add a final decorative effect hundreds, or even thousands, of beads of all colours are used. These are brought along by the customer herself, but the more beads there are to be set into the hair the greater is the charge.



THIS GIRL FROM THE MUXIMBAS TRIBE HAS JUST BEEN TO THE HAIRDRESSER'S TO HAVE HER HAIR PREPARED FOR HER PUBERTY CEREMONY.



THE FINISHED COIFFURE OF THE GIRL IN THE CENTRE PICTURE. THE WOODEN BLOCKS AT HER BACK HELP SUPPORT THE BEADS SHE WEARS ON HER BREAST.

SWAT THAT FLY: THE ANSWER TO THE HOUSEHOLDER'S ANNUAL PROBLEM.



1. BEFORE LEAVING THE FLOOR FOR AN OVERHEAD LANDING: THE FLY RAISES ITS FRONT LEGS UP BEHIND ITS HEAD.

2. EN ROUTE TO THE CEILING: THE FLY WITH ITS FRONT LEGS STRETCHED UPWARDS ON EITHER SIDE OF ITS HEAD.



3. WITH FRONT LEGS STILL STRETCHED STRAIGHT UPWARDS: THE FLY PREPARES TO LAND.



4. CONTACT: THE FLY IS ANCHORED TO THE CEILING BY ITS FRONT LEGS AS IT LANDS.



5. SOMERSAULTING INTO POSITION: THE FLY KICKS ITS OTHER FOUR LEGS UPWARDS.



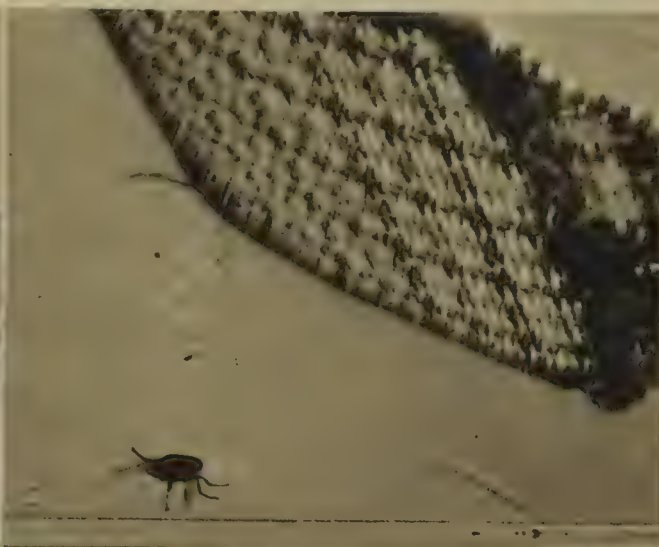
6. FACING OPPOSITE THE DIRECTION OF ITS ASCENT: THE LANDING IS COMPLETED.



7. FIRMLY ATTACHED BY ITS PULVILLI (FOOT PADS): THE FLY RESTS ON THE CEILING.



8. DROPPING DOWNWARDS: NOW THE FLY'S FRONT LEGS ARE NOT BEHIND ITS HEAD.



HOW A FLY SAVED ITS LIFE: (1) IT BEGINS TO JUMP BACKWARDS AS THE SWATTER SMASHES DOWN. (2) IT LEAPS OFF THE PIECE OF GLASS IT WAS STANDING ON AS THE SWATTER APPROACHES. BOTH WINGS ARE THRUST DOWN AS IT LEAPS. (3) IT BANKS AND CONTINUES TO FLY UPWARDS, THE BLAST OF AIR FROM THE SWATTER HELPING IT.



HOW THE FLY LOST ITS LIFE: (1) IT IS BUSILY ABSORBED IN EATING SOME PEACH JUICE. (2) WHEN IT SUDDENLY SEES DOOM APPROACHING, IT PREPARES TO LEAP BACKWARDS. (3) IT MAKES A DESPERATE BACKWARDS LEAP. (4) TOO LATE: THE FLY'S DOOM IS SEALED. IF ITS LEAP HAD BEEN A SPLIT-SECOND SOONER, IT WOULD HAVE ESCAPED.

Two questions which are frequently asked, particularly in summer when flies abound, are: How does the fly manage to escape so frequently when somebody is trying to swat it? And the second question: How does the familiar house-fly land so neatly upside down on a ceiling? A professional photographer, Mr. Don Ollis, of Santa Barbara, California, recently made a photographic investigation into these problems and by exercising vast patience

and ingenuity, revealed the remarkable acrobatics that enable a fly to land, walk upside down, and escape danger. Mr. Ollis's photographs, reproduced on this and the facing page, show that when the fly takes-off for a ceiling or other overhead landing it stretches its front legs upwards, on either side of its head. When its *pulvilli* (foot pads) make contact, the fly is thrown into a half-somersault and it comes to rest on the ceiling facing exactly opposite

[Continued opposite.]



SHOWING THE LARGE SUCTION PADS ON ITS FEET WHICH ENABLE IT TO LAND UPSIDE DOWN: THE CAMERA LOOKS DOWN AT A HOUSE-FLY CLINGING TO THE GLASS TOP OF A BOX.

Continued.

to the direction of its ascent. Some observers used to believe that the *pulvilli* exude some form of sticky substance, but Dr. C. Howard Curran, a Curator of Entomology at the American Museum of Natural History, writing in a recent issue of *Natural History*, says that this idea is almost certainly mistaken. He says: "What is certain is that the pads act as suction cups, serving to anchor the fly firmly. This feature, combined with the innate advantage of six-leggedness, is clearly an asset. At each forward motion of the legs, three of the fly's feet remain in contact with the surface, so that the walking fly is supported by a tripod." Mr. Ollis found that a fly, placed in a darkened box, would fly towards a spot of light. So, pre-setting his camera at a fixed

point, he managed to attract the fly into perfect focus. Then he induced the flies to land on an illuminated spot of the "ceiling" of a darkened box, where he photographed them in action. He also obtained a series of photographs which clearly show just what a fly does to escape swatting. He found that it jumps backwards before flying away and, so, if you aim slightly behind the fly, you are most likely to hit it. The direction of flight varies, however, according to the cause of its take-off. If the disturbance comes from behind it, then it will take-off heading forwards, climbing at an angle of 30 to 45 degrees. If, however, the disturbance is to one side, the fly will also take-off forwards, then immediately change course to fly away.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

EVEN under our current régime of a dozen masterpieces a week, it must be rare to get one presented flatly as "a truly great book": and even more so when the giant is vastly likeable and romantic. This phenomenon we meet in "The Roots of Heaven," by Romain Gary (Michael Joseph; 16s.). Though as a "great book" it has the wedding garment—it can pass for French—I believe M. Gary's origin is Polish. And there are other affinities with Conrad, in the moral colour, the prolixity, the exotic background, and the oblique method of narration, à la super-yarn. This one concerns elephants—the "defence of elephants," literally and figuratively. The scene is French Equatorial Africa, the hero an ex-dentist named Morel. But we don't start at the beginning, or approach him direct. At the beginning, all is over that can be over, and a peripheral French administrator is yarning all night in the Oulé hills to a Jesuit archaeologist.

The "legend" so loops and winds that one can't even be sure when he has left off. However, it had its source in the war, in a German labour camp. There, Morel and his comrades fought off claustrophobia with a dream of elephants charging through the bush; and now he is crusading against their slaughter. Because those great herds are "the last image of liberty" in our midst. Because nowadays people are damned lonely—"Dogs aren't enough." Because "We must leave a margin"; the planners begin by saying that elephants are too big, cumbersome, anachronistic, and end by saying the same about freedom and human dignity. . . . While he is content to stump round Fort Lamy with a petition, his sole adherents are an American "renegade" and a stray tart from Berlin. But when he turns maquisard, shooting elephant-hunters and other offenders in the rump and setting their stores or houses alight—then he becomes a world-figure. Great men fly to his support; millions understand him. Though he is also pronounced a tool of the Communists, or the Arab League: and though Waitari, a French-educated Führer without a party, is out to nobble him for Black Africa and then make away with him in the bush. . . .

It is a large and grand story, in a superb natural frame, and with a striking array of characters (rather like *tableaux vivants*, however). But it is extremely repetitive; the symbolism is far too blatant; and the maquis's doings are not very nice—they have a castor-oil flavour. Perhaps for that reason, they are minimised; and so the large legend enfolds a rather weak and small plot.

OTHER FICTION.

"Come With Me to Macedonia," by Leonard Drohan (Hutchinson; 15s.), is less different than one might think; for in a roundabout way, it again is concerned with human freedom. And it is deliberate and exhaustive—yet not dragged out, and all the funnier for being rather solid. The essence can't be conveyed. The theme, however, is the American Civil Service: to be exact, Army Logistic Area Number Five, at the time of the Korean War. Humphrey Hogan has landed in this *galère* on a "Why not?" basis, adjusting calmly to its "rather simple demands," and the "curious addictions" of those who run it. He does not strive nor cry, and is therefore happy in his job, and the "best goddam Administrative Assistant" the Department ever had. But then Kay Longstreet bursts on the scene, gapes at it incredulous, and urges him to make himself felt—display initiative—amount to something. Or she can't love him. Her slave reluctantly has a go. In no time, he has lost his good name. He is a "wise guy," a red rag to the Executive Officer. He is in a peck of trouble; and when he means to relapse, he can't. . . . This adventure is just the thing to show off the Area, with its directives and conferences, its brass hats and civilian yes-men, its incredible antics and irresistible cynics' chorus. One keeps on giggling.

"The Centenarians," by Gilbert Phelps (Heinemann; 15s.), is rightly described as "not science fiction." We are in the future. Longevity has made strides; but the "war to end war" (not as originally forecast) is close at hand. Against this calamity a world-group of learned ancients has been picked to survive, in a remote Eden above the clouds. It would be puzzling to say exactly what follows. Yet there is a kind of development. And it is all witty and poetic—too good to miss.

"The Finishing Stroke," by Ellery Queen (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), offers a re-creation of the good old vintage whodunit. There is a prelude in 1905. Then, at Christmas 1929, Ellery the young knowall, flushed with his first book, goes to stay at a big, rambling country house, where his publisher's ward John Sebastian is due to celebrate his twenty-fifth birthday and take over his fortune. Among the strangenesses of this house-party are a disappearing Santa Claus, a little dead old man in the library, the ubiquity of John, and his daily package of weird, sinister little gifts, tagged with jeering doggerel, and evidently suggested by "The Twelve Days of Christmas." Their threat culminates in another murder—which Ellery is too clever to solve. . . . The pastiche is brilliant, and the riot of mysteries a treat. Only, one doesn't believe a word of it.

CHESS NOTES.

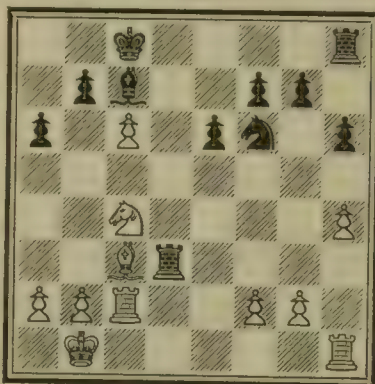
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

SO Botvinnik has regained the World Championship title he lost to Smyslov a year ago, beating the latter over a series of twenty-three games by a margin of two.

The first three games virtually decided the match. Botvinnik won the first, then the second. Smyslov then sought a postponement of the next game, his doctor certifying influenza and making no secret of the fact, when the match was resumed, that he thought Smyslov should have had a day or two longer in bed.

All went well for Smyslov in this third game for a while. Botvinnik was on the defensive for hours; but defended right well; Smyslov's advantage slipped away, and just when it had dwindled to zero he committed a shocking error that gave away a bishop and knight for a rook:

Black.



White.

28. Kt-K5 ? R×B; 29. P×Pch, K×P; 30. R×R, B×Kt.

Botvinnik methodically capitalised his material advantage, so, after three games, was three up.

Of the remaining twenty games played, Smyslov won five, lost four; eleven were drawn. In game after game, Botvinnik exploited mercilessly the fact that a series of draws would give him the match. He forced queens off—or threatened to, so as to obtain some other incidental advantage. He perpetually "threatened" perpetual check, or repetition of moves; and at least twice Smyslov came to grief through avoiding repetition at all costs. The strain of playing against Botvinnik and the draw proved too much. In the eighteenth game Smyslov committed a second disastrous blunder.

Set up this position:—White: K on KKt1, Q on KKt5, Rs on K1 and K3, B on KR3, Ps on KR2, KKt3, KB4, QB3 and QR2; Black: K on KKt1, Q on QB7, Rs on KB1 and Q1, B on QB3, Ps on KR2, KKt3, K4, QB4, QKt2 and QR2.

Here, he completely overlooked 26. . . . R-Q7, which would have won outright. The threat of 27. . . . R-K7ch is murderous; White can only try for a perpetual check, and after 27. B-K6ch, R-B2! 28. B×Rch, K×B, the checks are over.

There is much more to the story, of course. Five moves before this last might-have-been-a-catastrophe, Botvinnik himself had missed a forced, albeit much deeper and more ingenious, win.

If anybody tries to argue from the bare figures that Smyslov lost three games when he was ill but won the match on the games played when he was well, we must stress that Botvinnik did not need to win by a large number of games; two was ample enough; that he has always been better, whether in individual game or match, in fighting his way out of slight difficulties than in consolidating a lead. Also that he unaccountably forgot about his clock in one game, losing on time in a completely harmless situation.

These lapses rather shake me, when I recall my recent assertions that chess-playing machines will not challenge man's hegemony for years!

A very pleasant book.

So is Mr. Colin Willock's "The Gun-Punt Adventure" (Faber and Faber; 25s.). To build one's own punt, and one's own gun, in order to set about shooting wildfowl, is neither the easiest nor the most satisfactory means of attaining your object. I myself prefer more orthodox methods. But the adventure undertaken by Mr. Willock and his friend Mr. Hargreaves certainly makes a good story.

Mr. C. V. Hancock's "Rod in Hand" (Phoenix; 21s.) is, as it ought to be, a good deal more leisurely. Anglers are reflective people—or so non-anglers like myself tend to believe—and a book on angling ought to meander along with a certain amount of philosophising à la Izaak Walton. This book does exactly that, so that I found it soothing after Mr. Willock's somewhat breathless, but always absorbing, narrative.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM LYTTON STRACHEY TO SHOOTING AND FISHING.

IT was astute of Sir Edmund Gosse to write of Lytton Strachey: "He was the earliest of her (Queen Victoria's) biographers to insist that even a cat, and still more a careful student of the whimsicalities of life, may look steadily at a Queen." There was much of the cat about Lytton Strachey, and cats are, if often admired, always disconcerting, not least to their admirers. In person he was uncouth and just a trifle sinister. "Elfin-satanism" is the description of his voice given by Clifford Bower-Shore. Francis Birrell wrote of him: "*Je n'ai jamais rencontré quelqu'un qui dominât la vie comme lui. Souvent silencieux et morose, généralement en proie à quelque malaise, il était constamment environné d'une atmosphère de déférence.*"

That again is just right. I remember seeing Lytton Strachey in the Oriental Club, not long before his death. He was pointed out to me by my host as he sat—alone, silent, but somehow tense and watchful—in a deep armchair. The smoking-room of that club, never the noisiest of places, had sunk to a deeper hush which seemed to emanate from Strachey himself. To us, of course, at that time, his was still a great and venerated name. We had all applauded "Queen Victoria" and "Eminent Victorians." But did any of us understand him?

The question is asked, and in part answered, by Charles Richard Sanders, in his new full-length study, "Lytton Strachey, His Mind and Art" (Yale University Press. London: Oxford University Press; 36s.). This book is deeply interesting and scrupulously fair. It is not too much to call it an outstanding work of American scholarship. Some of the chapters, notably the second and the last, are so full of compact observation and critical judgment that they deserve re-reading more than once. The point is convincingly made that Strachey was no mere "de-bunker" of the great. "He wrote even his biographical failures," says Mr. Sanders, "as an artist, not as a reporter; and his works must be judged as portraits, not as photographs. . . . Strachey, however, aimed at verisimilitude, and usually achieved it. Where he did not, he usually produced brilliant caricatures, as I think he did in his treatment of Dr. Arnold, Florence Nightingale, and Lord Cromer." There is much significance in the author's collection of objects at which Strachey does or does not laugh. The former includes ecclesiastics who are vain, worldly, ambitious or credulous; affected orators; casuists, prigs; red tape; egotistical, superstitious-minded; self-delusion; egotism; intolerance. The latter "the life of reason dwelling in the independent mind"; utilitarian improvements; Florence Nightingale's achievement in founding modern nursing; General Gordon's bravery; Lord Hartington's humanity; "the art of great literary prose through which Newman made the story of his religious faith immortal in the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*."

Mr. Sanders concludes that "discerning readers will always be refreshed and strengthened by the hygiene of laughter and the iron vein of courage to be found throughout his works. His mind and spirit were invincible. . . . His eyes were often sad with knowledge, but within the fortress of his mind there was never any thought of surrender." But when one has reached the end of this brilliant and generally illuminating book, what is one to say of Lytton Strachey himself? I, for one, do not know. I feel as if I had been given every clue but the most essential. The whole equation has been carefully set out before me, but as I am not told what *x* equals, I still cannot work it out. To me, Lytton Strachey is still an enigma. The intellect is accounted for, but not the man. To me, he is still sitting alone and unapproachable in that armchair—thin, bearded, and rather disconcerting.

Now for some simpler and more extrovert topics. On reading Mr. Edmund Burke's "The History of Archery" (Heinemann; 25s.), I turned at once to the chapter rather clumsily entitled "The Yeomen Bowmen," and found it as satisfying as one could wish. Here is the story of Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt, where the English bowmen performed such miracles, told with the right technical slant. Then I ranged back to the beginning, and learnt that the history of the bow may be as much as 7000 years old. Mr. Burke tells us that most of to-day's archers are located in the United States. (This strikes me as odd, but it must be a nice change from rockets.)



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PIECES FOR

THIS year the Bath Festival includes among its many attractions an Art Treasures Exhibition organised by the British Antique Dealers' Association which will be on view from May 29 to June 7, in the Octagon Room, itself a distinguished if minor work of art, recently piously refurbished by the City Council. It was built in 1757 as a proprietary chapel and was destined to have as its organist the young man of genius who discovered the planet Uranus and became the first President of the Astronomical Society, Sir William Herschel. His papers and those of his family were recently dispersed at Sotheby's, and his famous Great Telescope will form part of the astronomical museum to be opened in due course at Greenwich when the old Observatory there has been suitably restored. Not inappropriately, one of the exhibits is an orrery by T. Heath, of London, made at the end of the eighteenth century and incorporating Sir William's discoveries.

Apart from many pieces of furniture in familiar styles, there are exhibited at Bath such rarities as a Tudor travelling writing coffer, one of a set of chandeliers once part of the furnishings of Kensington Palace, and a fifteenth-century Spanish reliquary, silver and parcel-gilt, in the form of a crowned head, thought to be that of King Ferdinand of Spain. Among a wide range of small works of art from both Europe and the Far East the eye is immediately attracted by the Stonyhurst Salt, London, 1577, of silver-gilt with crystal supports, formerly in the collection of Sir John Noble; by a Renaissance jewelled binding of 1532, with its enamelled and jewelled border and central carnelian intaglio of the Crucifixion, once owned by Horace Walpole, and by a pair of candlesticks of about 1680, silver-gilt and decorated with repoussé flowers and foliage,

COLLECTORS

with snuffers and tray to match, from the Low Countries—admirable examples of late seventeenth-century European elegance.

All the better-known European porcelain factories are represented by typical examples, and the exhibition is unusually rich in good English clocks. There is one rare "Grandmother" by Christopher Gould, and a beautifully-proportioned walnut year equation long-case clock by Daniel Quare. Of obvious local interest is an oak Freedom Box of 1820, with silver-gilt mounts engraved with the arms of the City of Bath and an inscription recording its presentation to Commander Parry, R.N., the Polar explorer. The lid is decorated with a silver-gilt plaque showing his ship, the *Hecla*, being towed from an iceberg—an episode which impressed public imagination at the time, as several popular prints bear witness.

There are two characteristic paintings by Thomas Gainsborough—obviously necessary exhibits in any Bath show—and the indenture dated Jan. 14, 1772, witnessed by Mary Gainsborough, by which his nephew, Gainsborough Dupont, agreed to serve him as an apprentice for the usual term of seven years. A first-class John Smart miniature dated 1769 is also of local interest, for the sitter, Colonel Alexander Champion, Commander-in-Chief of the East India Company's Forces, lies buried in Bath Abbey. Reynolds, Hoppner and Romney are represented by good portraits, Constable and Crowe and Hobbema by landscapes, Jan Oet and Jan Breughel by characteristic flower-pieces. The little-known Benjamin Wilson is responsible for an interesting conversation piece of the 12th Earl of Derby, his wife, son and Chaplain. Homage is paid to what to many is the noblest of all the arts by the inclusion of a famous Stradivarius violin of the year 1700.



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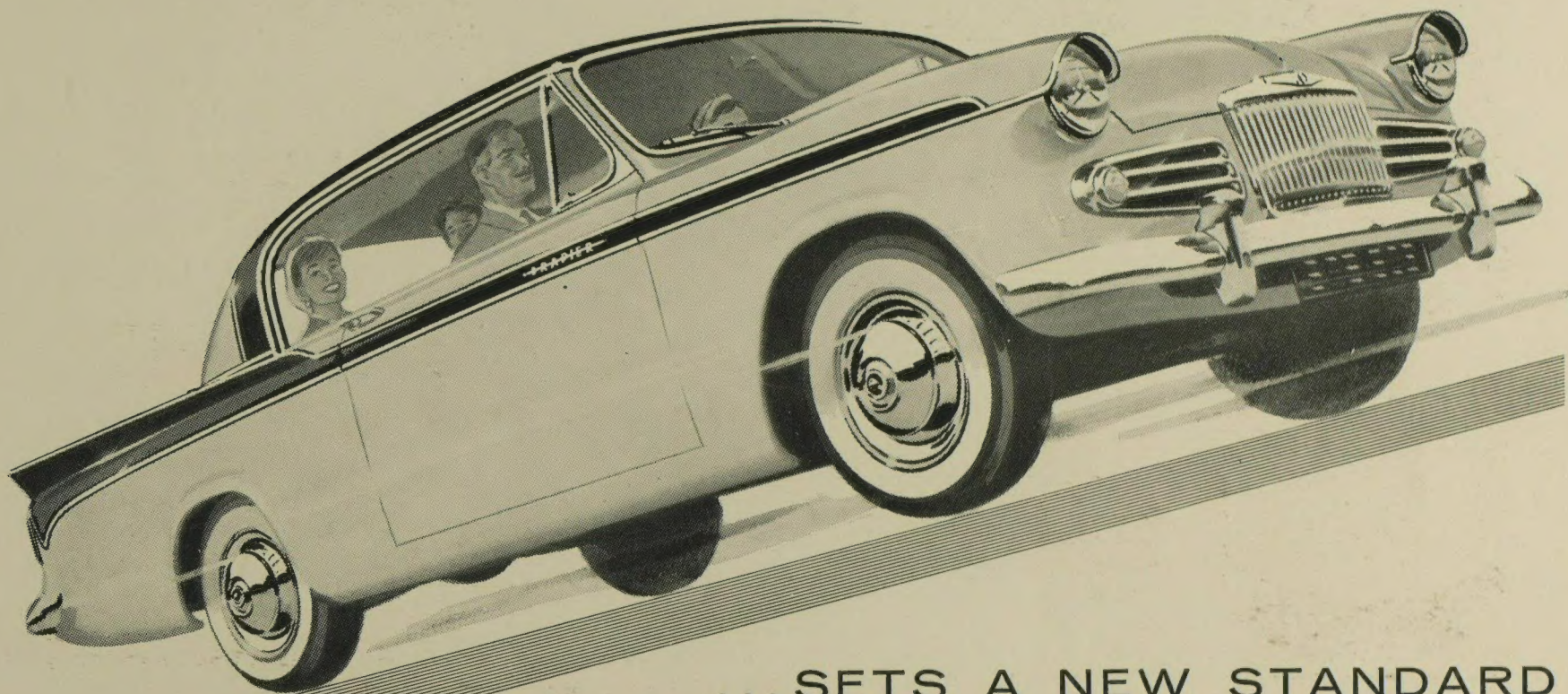
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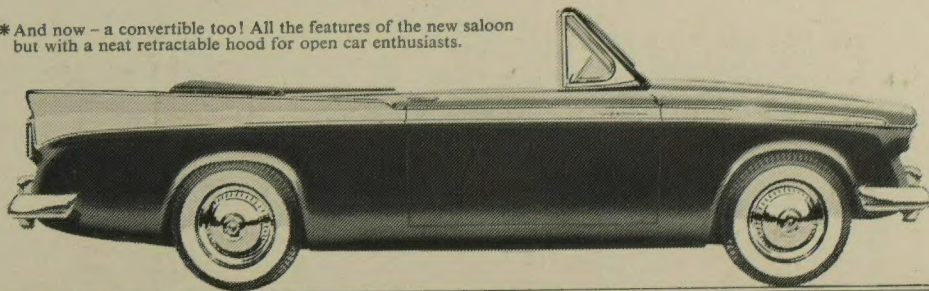
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